

PRAIRIES

Making People Neighbors in the  of the Dakotas
Spring 1980



James
Pollock,
artist

INSIDE—

- Artist for the Dakotas
- The Marvelous Finns
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Northwestern Bell

INSIDE

Cover Story

Artist for the Dakotas

Page 4

How Do You Tell Her That Grandpa is Dead?

Page 10

Backgrounds

The Amazing Finns

Page 15

People

Calamities of Retirement

Page 17

Picturesque Dakota

Fair Ellendale

Page 18

Publisher's Remarks

Page 20

Letters

Page 20

Views from the Country

Page 22

The Arts

Page 23

What's Cooking

Page 24

Issues

Family Farm's Future?

Page 26

Milestones

Page 28

Postscripts

Page 28



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SPRING-TIME IS . . . a group of tired giggling girls from the track team. After running four miles, these five girls from Ashley collapse against brick wall: Britt Overlie, Kerri Kramer, Teresa Meyer, Lisa Overlie, and Susan Rott.

PRAIRIE BOY

The awesome prairies have long been my home.

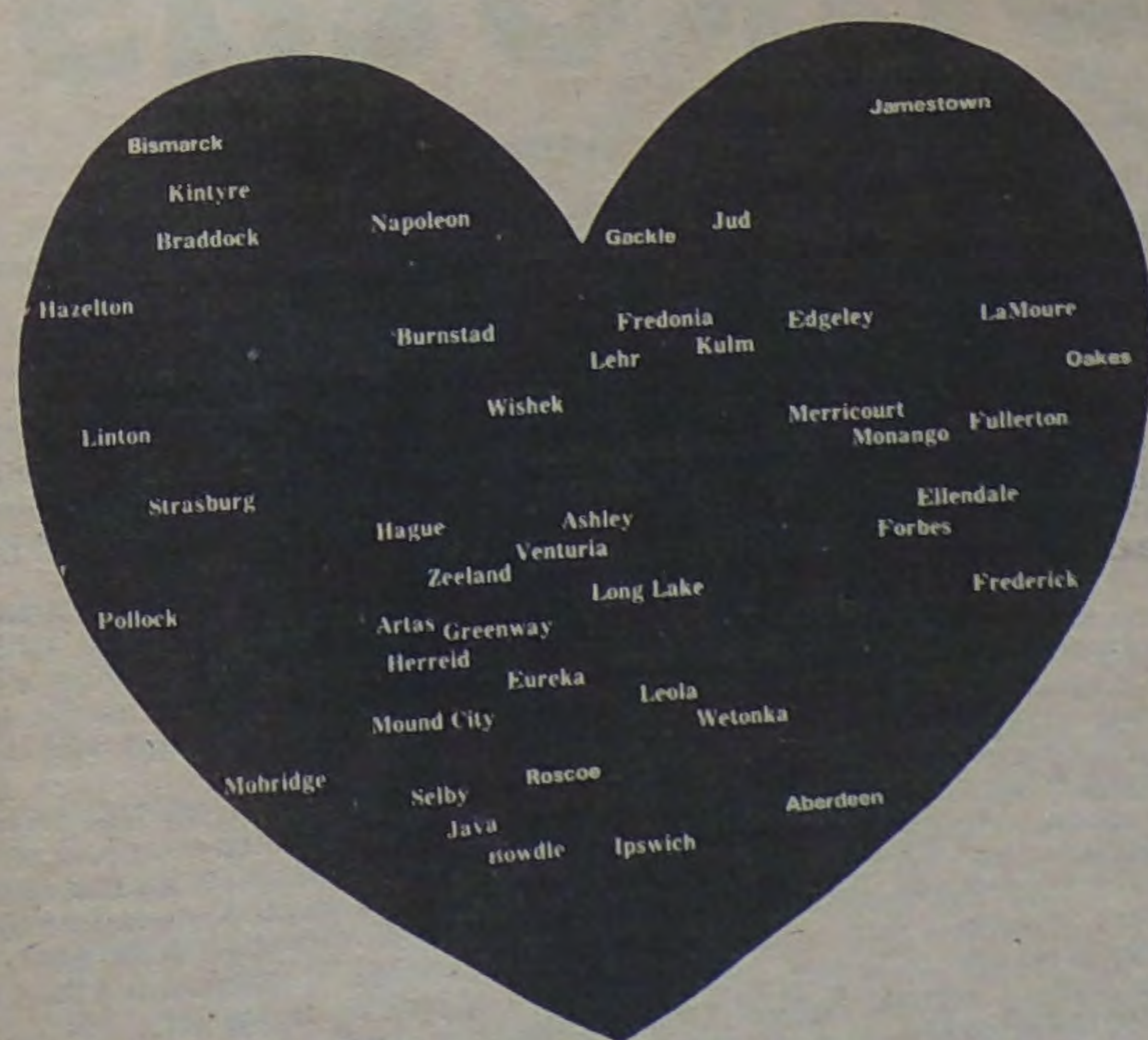
My eye is fixed to gaze the distant slope.
The vast expanse seems endless in their scope
Where boyhood dreams are free to roam.

Here is not found a ghetto, neither slums.
The skyline profiles stones and stacks of hay.
Scant fencepost shadows show the time of day—
And loaves are freely shared instead of crumbs.

The diamond-studded ceiling is the sky,
All colors of the spectrum on parade.

Aromas are dispersed as breezes aid—
Coyotes howl their evening lullaby.
The rolling plains seclude my heart to rest—
In solitude is filled my sacred quest.

—Ray Kapp



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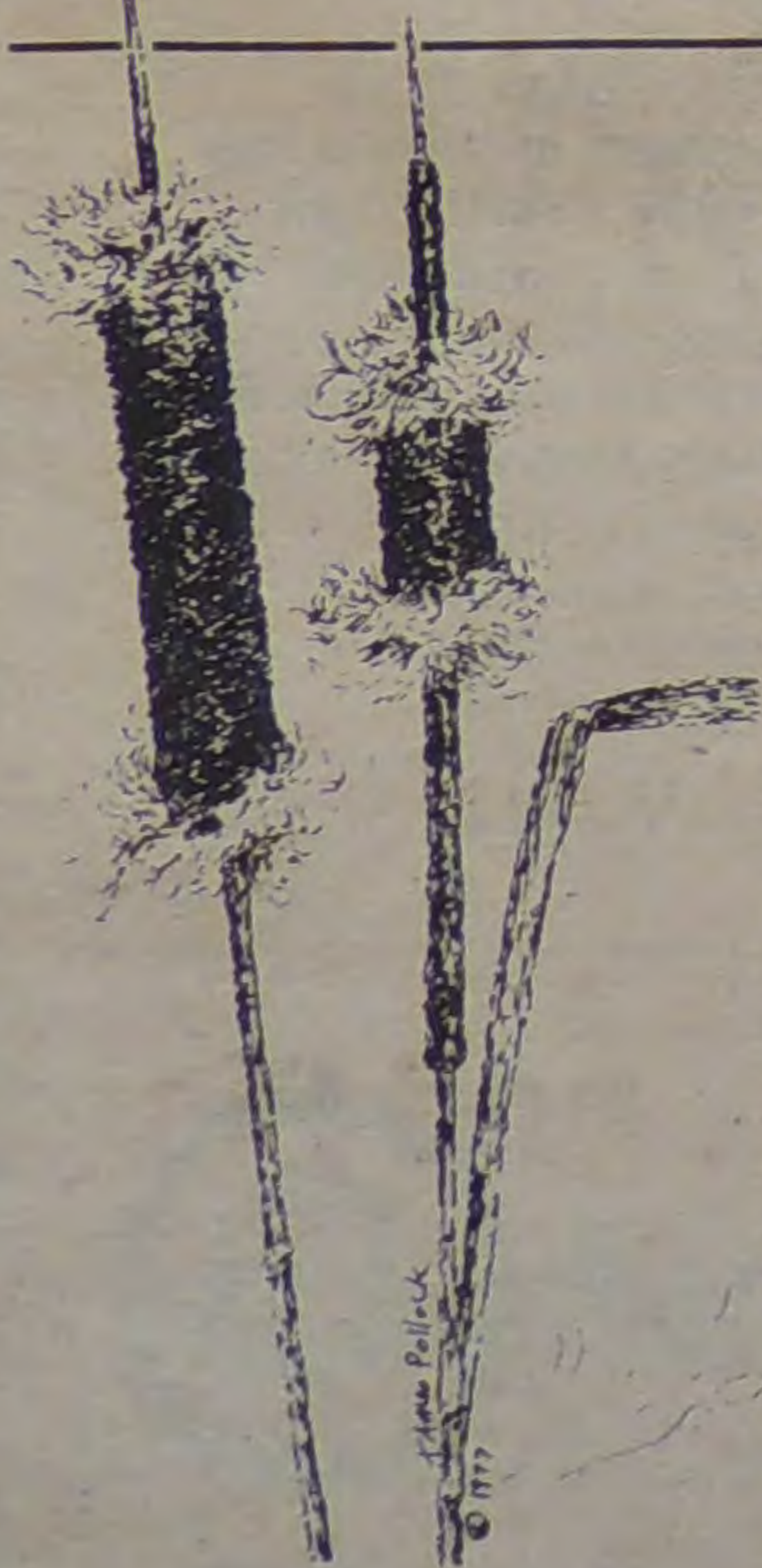
Ray Kapp was raised in Ashley, North Dakota. He now lives in Beaver Crossing, Nebraska.



James Pollock—an artist who relishes the objects of the Dakota past and present.

COVER STORY—

Artist for the Dakotas



The Dakotas have a new artist as their champion. And he was born and raised right among us. His name is James Pollock. Although he now lives in Pierre, South Dakota, his hometown is beautiful Pollock, South Dakota—named after his great-grandfather, Robert Y. Pollock.

Maybe it's that long historical connection with the prairie that his family has had which gives Pollock's work a fresh, personal vitality. His drawings—done mainly in black and white—are sensitive descriptions of the Dakota culture. The land's glories, failures, and triumphs are all part of the message his landscapes and rural scenes so wonderfully depict.

CURRENTLY POLLOCK IS an artist employed by the State of South Dakota. His principal assignment is to provide drawings for the South Dakota Conservation Digest—and also to illustrate brochures and other material published by the state.

But some of the most exciting work Pollock has done lately are the silkscreens translated into all-occasion greeting cards. For the person who wants to send a card which makes a distinguished statement about North or South Dakota, Pollock's cards beautifully fit the bill. (An advertisement is listed elsewhere in this issue, and PRAIRIES urges its readers to take advantage of this mail-order offer.)

One of the cards shows a coyote mournfully baying with a bright, full moon

in the background—a sound of the prairies for centuries.

Another card is of three bison struggling in the midst of a blizzard. Appropriately entitled "Dakota Survival," the exquisitely fine drawing features a true symbol of the toughness which endured and overcame the fierce winters which have roared across the prairiescape for millennia.

The third card shows graceful migrating geese flying south.

The fourth card in the series is a rural scene with such lonely symbols of rural Americana as windmill, fenceposts, and a full, haunting moon.

THE CARD'S DESIGNS follow an ancient Greek formula called the "golden rectangle" which has fascinated Pollock. The special rectangle is when the long side is divided by the short side resulting in the ratio of 1.618. The Greeks believed (and Pollock subscribes to this theory) that beauty to the eye can be partially created by combining art and certain rules of proportion. Some of those canons of design are used in Pollock's "Going South," whereas in his Dakota Coyote a triangle is formed in the shape of the lone, howling coyote.

Pollock said the public's interest in the cards has really multiplied. About 5,000 cards have been sold in six months. This has come as a pleasant surprise. The cards were originally made for tourists in the Black Hills area, but yet many of the cards

have been sold before the Black Hills tourist trade develops later this summer.

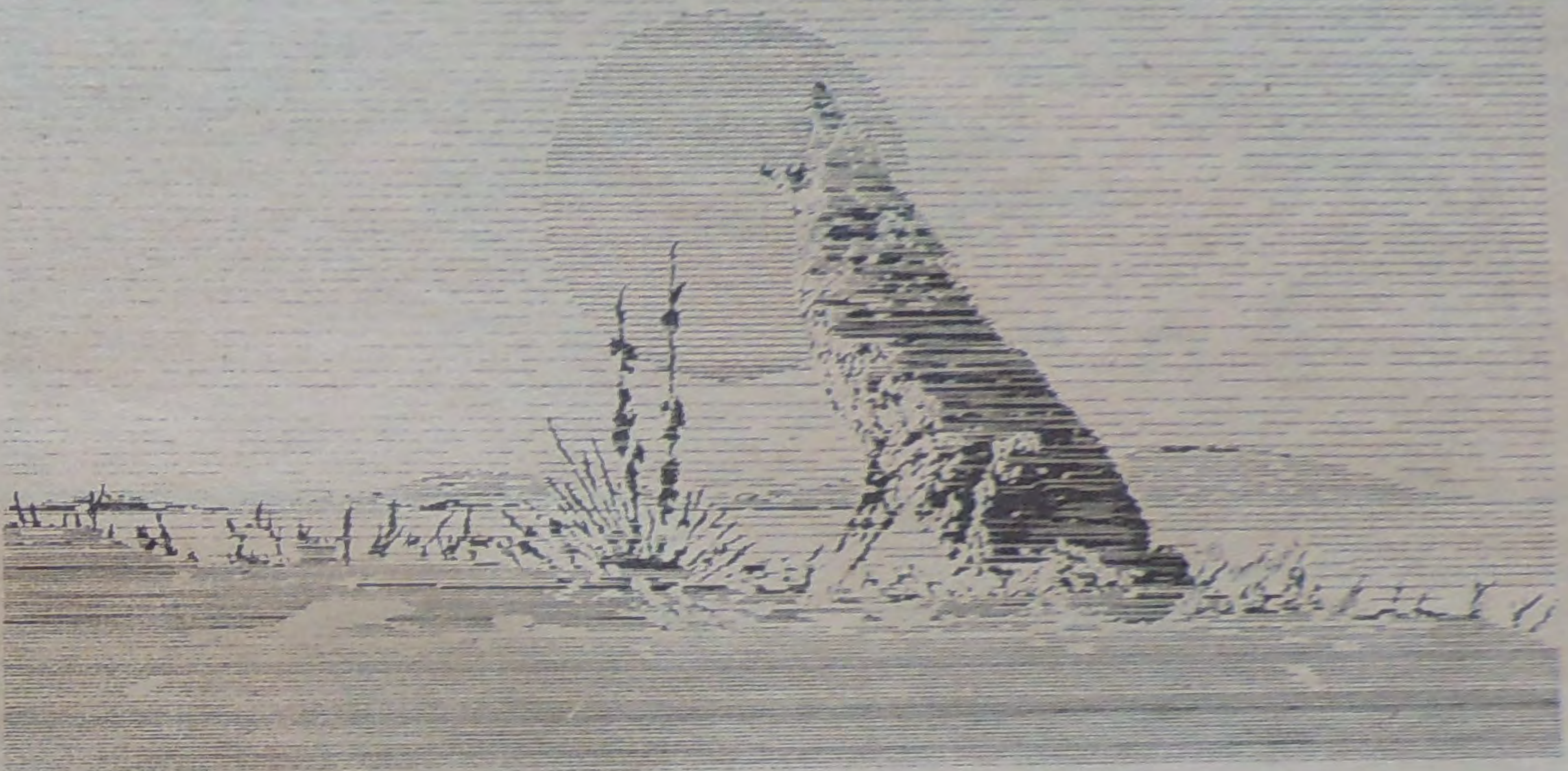
SO WHO IS this James Pollock?

He was born in 1943 and raised in Pollock, a small town almost typical of the small communities idealized in American literature: friendly and helpful neighbors, fresh air, a charming and quaint setting. The young Jim helped his father, John, on the family farm located just a few miles outside of town.

Jim's artistic preoccupation started in early childhood. He said: "All through school I drew in the margins of my school papers. The teachers were always after me to quit fooling around and start studying my lessons."

There was no art in his high school's curriculum, but he read every book on art he could lay his hands on. His first formal training in art was at South Dakota State University in Brookings, from which he was graduated. "Looking back, I think the lack of training in my early years was definitely not detrimental to my development as an artist," Pollock said. "It may have slowed me down on one hand, but on the other hand I did not develop in the image of some art teacher. If a person can read, a person can learn almost anything that a teacher can teach."

AFTER COLLEGE, POLLOCK entered the U.S. Army and became a combat artist during the Vietnam War. This was an experience which further sharpened his



"Dakota Coyote" is the title of this sketch, which appears on the cover of one of the greeting cards Pollock has had printed. Writes Pollock: "The call of the solitary coyote to the bright full moon has been the sound of the prairies for centuries."



The name of the above greeting-card sketch is "Dakota Survival." Remarkably adapted for survival in one of the harshest climates in the world, the American bison almost became extinct by hunters in the mid-1800s.

Portraying a War with Pen, Ink— and Pistol

artistic skills. (It is interesting to note here that another great South Dakota artist, Harvey Dunn, held a similar position during World War I.)

To be selected for such a position, Pollock had to take part in an army-wide competition. He was one of 30 artists selected.

Explains Pollock: "I was very fortunate to be chosen. All of the branches of the service have similar art programs but the army is unique in that it chose its official artists from within the ranks. The other branches—navy, marines, and air force—looked to well-established civilian artists. The army felt that it would obtain a

better record of the military life and operations if it was viewed through the eyes of a soldier rather than a civilian—and I think that they are right in this assumption."

All of the drawings and paintings Pollock and the other 29 artists completed are part of the War Art Collection in

Washington, D.C. Everything was kept—from the smallest pencil sketch to the completed painting. The army has compiled some of these drawings and paintings into several traveling exhibits which are sent throughout the U.S. The art not exhibited is stored in Washington for future references and for historical



Photo below: at art-in-the-park show in Aberdeen.



purposes.

There is an odd twist to the Vietnam War art. A curator in charge of the army's exhibit program explained to Pollock that there is very little interest in the Vietnam War materials. She thinks this is because the war was unpopular and that people do not like to be reminded of it. She suspects, however, that in about 10 years' time there will be a change: people will become interested in the Vietnam War and that they will want to see more of the army's documentation of it than they do now.

POLLOCK SAID THAT the artists on his team traveled about 3,600 miles during its hitch in Vietnam in 1967. He usually sketched his observations and then later transferred them to canvas with oils. Of course, there were many harrowing moments.

He endured a Viet Cong mortar attack at Go Boi, for example, and stood radio watch while on patrol with a 12th Infantry unit. "We were short some men and so I stood my turn with everyone else," he said.

Pollock visited signal corps facilities near the demilitarized zone, and went along with medical teams, saw hospitals and the wounded, evacuation units, and pacification programs.

During those "excursions," his soldierly equipment was a bit extraordinary: two cameras, a sketch pad, and a .45-cal. automatic pistol.

After the war, he lived briefly on the West Coast, didn't like the congestion and so returned to South Dakota. He obtained a position as staff artist at North Plains Press in Aberdeen. There he became more and more involved with magazine and book illustrations. Next, he spent about six months traveling in southern and western parts of the U.S., visiting every national park in his path. After that he accepted his present position as an artist for the State of South Dakota.

AN ART MEDIUM that soon interested him was the multiple silk screen method. What is a silk screen? It is a method of making multiple original art pieces by hand. A stencil is adhered to a stretched piece of fabric and areas not to be printed are blocked out. In the places to be printed, paint is forced between the mesh of the screen by hand with a squeegee. Each color deposited on the paper needs its own separate screen.

Some of the very best paper is used for Pollock's silk screens—100% rag content. This is because after many years rag paper does not become brittle or discolored. "The paper I use is very expensive but in the long run it will be worth the extra expense," Pollock said.

He describes a somewhat typical process he goes through to produce his drawings.

First, he gathers adequate reference material on the subject. Sometimes he goes to great lengths reading about certain subjects he wishes to portray in order to get a fuller understanding of the subject. Then he starts his preliminary drawings. "I keep building on these preliminary drawings, making changes, corrections

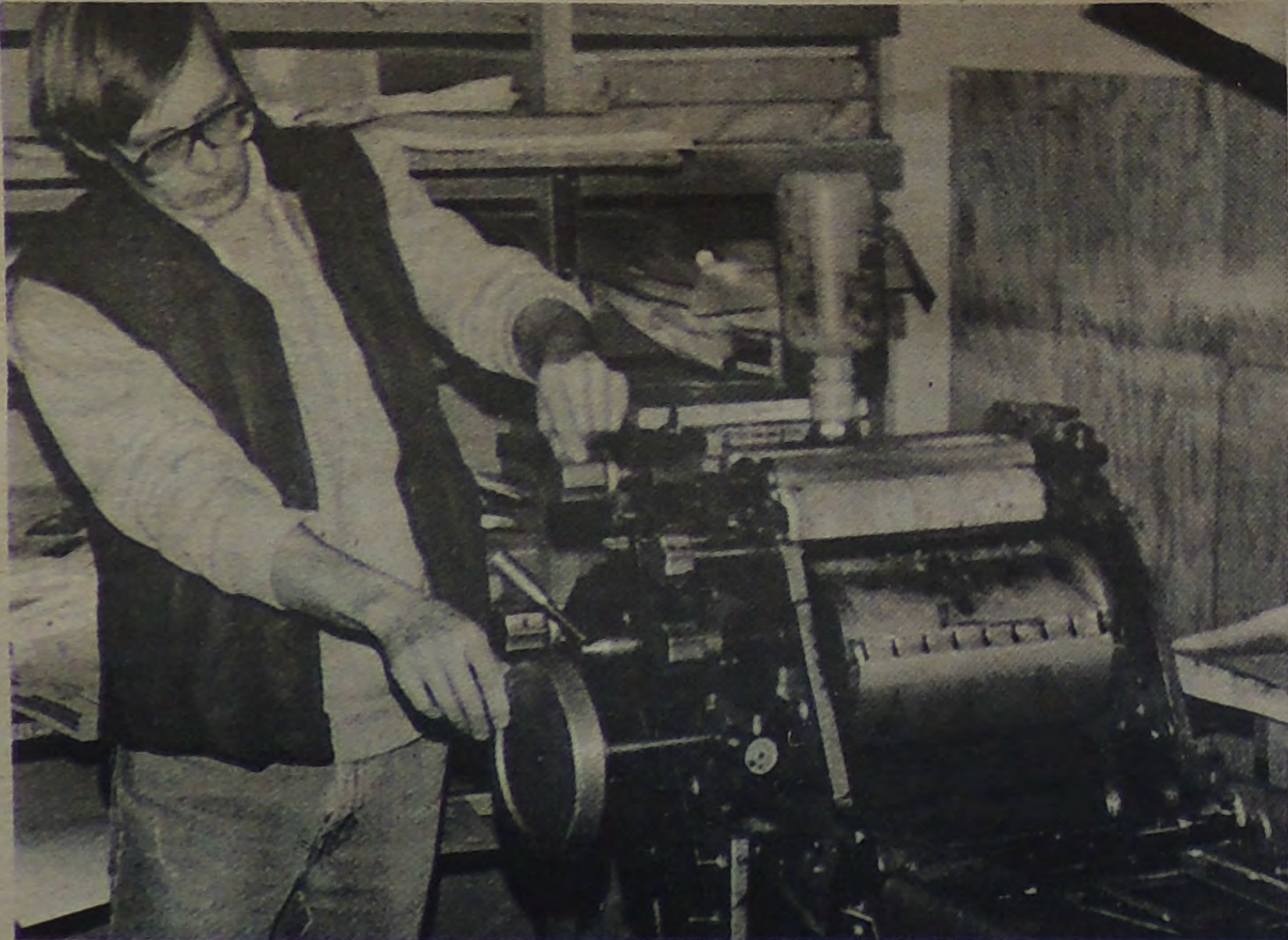


It is not by accident that Pollock's work depicts rural and landscape scenes descriptive of South Dakota. Pollock

loves South Dakota. He has an eye which sees—and then conveys—some of the most beautiful aspects of life in this part of the country.



At lake's edge, boy fishes under shade tree.



James Pollock tests offset press equipment at Prairie Pioneer newspaper office in Pollock, South Dakota. Some of Pollock's work has been printed there.

An idea at the outset may seem to be brilliant, but later prove disastrous. Then it's back to the drawing board!

and perfecting until I have what I feel is as good as I can produce the artwork at that particular time," he declared. Then he begins the final production. "Every artist works differently but usually I do quite a few preliminary studies before I execute the finished product," Pollock added.

SOMETIMES, HE said, the original idea was bad at the beginning. Then he had to scrap the whole thing and start something totally new. That can be quite frustrating! Through it all, Pollock believes that there are several important advantages the artist enjoys while working in South Dakota and North Dakota. He said that many artists respond to what established art critics favor rather than do their own thinking. Living in the Dakotas frees the artist from such restraints because the art critic per se is a rare animal hereabouts—and his influence is consequently zilch.

"I suppose the most difficult part of living in South Dakota," he said, "is the climate—extremely hot summers and extremely cold winters."

But we think that Pollock—like the buffalo he likes to draw—will hardly survive because the Dakotas are in his soul. □



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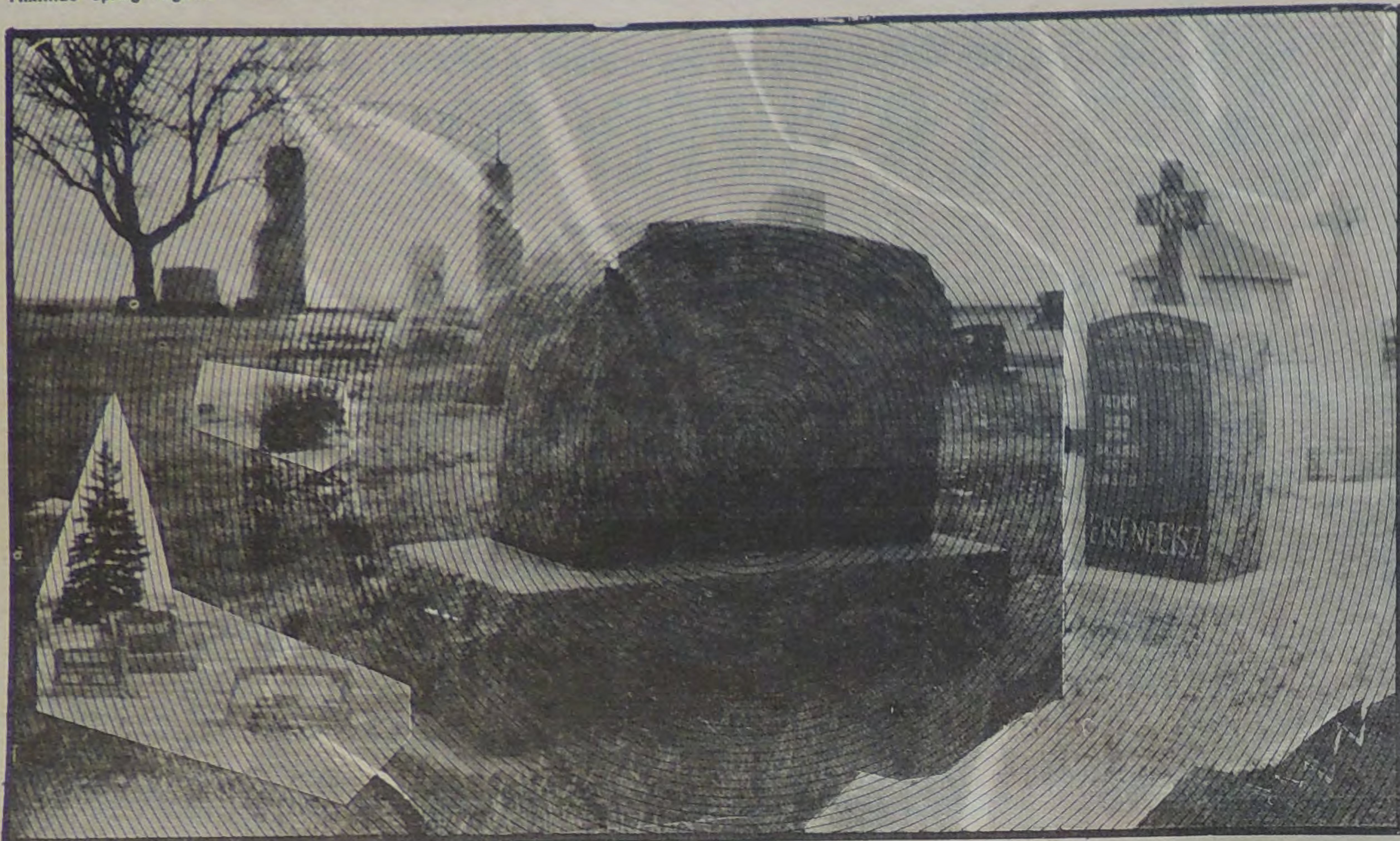


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How Do You Tell Her That Grandpa is Dead?

As Subjects of Discussion, Death Is Shunned Almost As Much As Sex Once Was

By Lester R. Stadig

The title "How Do You Tell Her That Grandpa is Dead?" upset my wife. She's never liked the word "dead" and thought the title "How Do You Tell Her That Grandpa Passed Away?" sounded much nicer.

That was an interesting thought because it supported a very basic fact that I found time and time again in studying death and its effect on children. In the Western world we repress the reality of death, resorting to euphemisms like "passed away," "my husband left me," or "the child was lost in surgery."

Death is a fact, but frank discussion about it is still shunned just as talk about sex and birth once was. This denial by adults and the subsequent weak explanations given to children about death are detrimental.

One effect of using denial and repression is that these methods of coping become part of our personality structure and set a pattern for the way we deal with stress later in life.

Is it any wonder we feel this way about death? Throughout life we are taught to regard death as avoidable or unnecessary. Once accepted as inevitable, death is now thought to be the result of personal

negligence or accident. When one's heart fails, medical science will replace it with another. Scientists contemplate freezing the dead to preserve the body for the day when the mystery of life is figured out!

We try to remove ourselves from death by putting senior citizens away in retirement homes and hospitals to die. And even in hospitals one seldom sees corpses. They seem to be smuggled out the back while no one is looking, as if to cover up failure. Wonders of mortuary science prepare cadavers almost to the point of looking alive, then place them into luxurious, comfortable-looking caskets.

Details about the death of my father-in-law, John Dockter, and its effect on my three-and-one-half-year-old daughter, Leslee, may be helpful to others who deal with death and who must explain it to a youngster.

Twenty-four hours after John's death, I was sitting in what had been his favorite chair holding Leslee. Her mother, her grandmother, and an uncle had gone to the mortuary. At that time every effort was being made to protect Leslee from the pain of her grandfather's death, so we had coaxed her into staying home with part of the family while the others went to view

the body.

WE HAD already told Leslee that her grandfather had died and gone to heaven, but beyond that we really hadn't taken much time during those first 24 hours to explain further or attend to what she was thinking, feeling, or saying.

With tear-filled eyes she asked for Grandpa again. This time I empathized with her, perhaps more than ever before, as I held her in my arms. I told her it was all right to cry, that we all cried because we missed Grandpa. I told her he had been a nice grandpa and had done many nice things for all of us.

I sensed she was utterly frustrated with the situation. Two days earlier we had driven all the way across South Dakota to see Grandpa in the hospital. Instead she had been forced to spend an unplanned night alone with her paternal grandmother. (I had left her there Thursday when I went to the hospital to be with the others and John, telling her I would return in a few hours. John died unexpectedly, so I hadn't gone for her until Friday morning.)

She knew something awful had happened by the frequent outbreaks of crying, the somber trip to the florist, the

depressed mood of the adults in her life, and, most of all, the change from being the center of attention of her two bachelor uncles and her grandparents to being just a little girl underfoot.

As I put myself into her place, I realized what a huge void there was in her life at that moment, but I didn't know how to explain further. To her, Grandpa had been alive in the hospital the previous day even though she couldn't see him in intensive care. She knew Grandpa hugged her a lot and played with her continuously when we visited; he made her feel very important and wanted. In short, she felt like a terrible game was being played with her because all those happy moments and Grandpa himself couldn't just disappear!

LATER THAT evening I went to the mortuary with my brother-in-law, Chuck. I had been to only two funerals in my life, funerals of people I hardly knew, and now at the age of 32 I found myself in the same room with the corpse of a person whom I had grown to love as much as my own father. There I was, a perfect product of today's death-denying society, faced with the death of a loved one for the first time. Chuck and I stayed in the room for a long time before I finally brought myself to



John R. Dockter, 56, is pictured giving his only grandchild, Leslee, a good-bye hug following a several days' visit. This photograph was taken in late June, the last moment they had together. He died in August.

touch John's body. I felt the hands, the face, and an ear. By doing that I rid myself of much anxiety.

That Friday night I didn't sleep well, not because of what I had experienced at the mortuary, but because of the turmoil I felt that Leslee must be going through. I decided that some of her frustration might be eliminated if she could at least see her grandfather's body.

In the morning we discussed the idea of taking her to see the body. We decided that we needed reassurance that the idea wouldn't backfire and cause psychological problems later. I telephone our minister, the Reverend Samuel Cushing, and explained the situation to him. His opinion was that Leslee would be fine and that it would be a good idea to take her to view the body, provided she loved and trusted us and we could take her there without an hysterical outbreak.

He suggested telling her in advance that we were going to see the body of Grandpa, that his soul had left and gone to heaven. He said the body and soul separation could be explained by telling Leslee that when her feelings are hurt, that's her soul hurting; but when she is pinched, that's her body hurting.

According to Cushing, Leslee would not understand the experience but would register the events in her little "computer brain" to later recall and combine with other knowledge, thus giving her a better

understanding of death.

Leslee wanted to go see the corpse; and just as Reverend Cushing had predicted, everything went well. Her eyes were fixed on the body as she asked, "Is Grandpa sleeping?" We explained again that we were looking at the body of Grandpa, that he was dead, not sleeping, and that his soul had gone to heaven. We said a family prayer, and then Leslee asked to leave the chapel. Later, when other relatives arrived at the mortuary, she asked to look at Grandpa's body again.

ON SUNDAY we gave Leslee another opportunity to see the body.

By the time of the funeral on Monday, Leslee had resolved much of her anxiety and was not frightened by the ceremony. After the service she and I were the last to pass the open casket. I touched the corpse one last time before walking out. In the outer hall Leslee asked if we could return so she too could touch the body. We went back to where the funeral director had already begun closing the coffin and asked for one final moment. She reached down and touched her grandfather's sleeve.

Very small children cannot stand long periods of mourning without breaks. During those days between the death and the burial we spent as much time listening to Leslee as possible. The day before the funeral we took her for an afternoon at a children's park.

It is impossible to cover every detail of the three-day ordeal immediately following Grandpa Dockter's death, and indeed the mourning period for Leslee and the family extended well beyond that time. However, this overview highlights Leslee's life during the most crucial days.

NOW, MOVING FROM our personal experience to a more objective viewpoint, we recognize that especially in Western culture we avoid talking about death even though it is inevitable—rich, poor, good, or bad, we all die—it's just a matter of time. Perhaps the largest single factor contributing to society's death-denying attitude is the movement away from families involving several generations living together in the same household. Youths in that kind of culture watch older members of the family in the dying process; thus they are able to experience grief and bereavement as a natural part of the total life cycle.

Youngsters like Leslee have basic perceptions about death. They don't believe life can stop; therefore, they think the dead can come back to life. Youngsters also have limited capabilities when it comes to understanding time and cannot understand the concept "forever."

A child's world is full of illusions. He often feels that the bad die before the good, that the good may return from death, and that death is accidental and may be

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Sometimes children wrongly link people, places, or events with death. They frequently confuse imaginary

thoughts with reality and may even believe that those thoughts are responsible for the death.

prevented.

Sometimes children wrongly associate people, places, or events with death. For example, if a person dies in a hospital, a child may come to believe that hospitals are responsible for death.

Children frequently confuse imaginary thoughts with reality and may even believe their thoughts cause events. A child feels enormous guilt if after an argument or disappointment he halfheartedly wishes a person were dead and that person later dies.

Many children of elementary age who suffer a loss do not express their grief verbally. Sometimes youngsters cannot concentrate on their schoolwork after a death and do poorly even though they are of average intelligence.

Daydreaming, withdrawal, lack of desire to play with friends, refusal to leave home, and depression have been observed in tots who have experienced the death of a loved one.

Bereaved children feel that there is no use making an effort to study because there is no longer anyone who cares or who will compliment their efforts. Depression and refusal to go out of the home are

caused by the child's fear that he will lose the remaining parent or some other loved one.

Adults must be cognizant of these childhood perceptions and behaviors and discuss them with the child, giving the child the opportunity to express feelings, gain information, and thus deal more effectively with the situation.

Instead, parents often make two mistakes at this time. They tell the child to "be brave and don't cry," and they withhold information from the child.

So what should be done?

THE FACT THAT a death has occurred cannot be withheld from a child, as I found with Leslee. By attempting to keep death a secret from the child, the adult only complicates the situation. The child not only has sorrow, misconceptions, possible guilt, fear, and depression to cope with, but also rejection by loved ones. To be shoved off on a babysitter, denied the opportunity to mourn with the family, and denied information about the death can be more disturbing to the child than learning the simple facts about the death!

Crying is a natural expression of

emotion, and a child should be allowed and encouraged to express this emotion along with other family members.

Death of a parent is one of the greatest crises in the life of a child. Surviving adults and teachers must be attentive to the child and realize that for the child the world has become an insecure place. The familiar pattern of the family has become completely disrupted.

In talking about death with a youngster, be very honest with your personal feelings, while at the same time giving security to the youngster. One should make it clear to the child that grief results from the hurt feelings of the living, for the loss they suffer, rather than for the dead person's suffering. The living can overcome hurt feelings, but the dead person is beyond pain and will never suffer again.

An adult must not be evasive in the explanation, but must modify it according to the child's understanding. Questions should be answered in a matter-of-fact way with honesty of emotion. In the case of an extreme emotional breakdown, one should communicate with the child at a later time.

One should not say, "Mother has gone on

a long journey." Such a statement is likely to cause the child to feel abandoned without a good-bye or to leave the child with the false hope that the mother will return.

One should not say, "Grandma died because she was sick." That will cause the child anxiety every time a loved one suffers even a minor illness. Death should not be equated with sleep, or the child will fear sleep.

The child should not be told "Old people die." That could cause the child undue concern about the ages of his parents, who may also seem very old to the child.

THE MATURITY of the child should determine the extent and nature of the explanation given about death. Youngsters in the age range of three to four years are best satisfied with love and emotional support while they grieve. As they get older, from four to seven, they become interested in biological aspects of death and will be most satisfied with simple biological answers. From ages eight to 12, youngsters are concerned with the survivors and how the death affects them. Then, from about age 13 through adolescence, youth seek primarily religious and psychological answers to questions concerning death.

In any case, rather than leaving children to find their own answers, it is better to supply the facts. It is healthy for both the child and the adult to communicate honestly.

Should very young children attend funerals? Yes, if they want to. It is through these rights, rituals, and ceremonies that we express our feelings; however, if a child does not want to attend, he should not be forced to attend or be made to feel guilty for letting the family down. The child who does not attend should be provided with the opportunity to visit the cemetery later.

If the child stays home during the funeral, give him important roles to fulfill, like helping serve food, which will keep him close to the mourning family. Beyond the age of seven, children should definitely be encouraged to attend the funeral.

IN CONCLUSION, it can be said that today's Western world has become a death-denying society due in part to the shift from households of several generations to families consisting of parents and one or two children. Grandparents have been placed in retirement homes and hospitals to live out their last years and die. These social conditions result in a generation of adults who themselves must first come to grips with death before they can adequately pass information about it on to their children.

A youngster living in a loving, open, and truthful family will be in a much better position to develop a capacity to understand and cope with death.

The experience with Leslee causes me to believe that when one is making the decision about whether to take the child to the funeral or not, age is not as important as intellectual development of the child and the conditions under which the child is subjected to death.

Leslee was introduced to the situation gradually, first by talking, then by quiet visits to the mortuary before the funeral. During the days between the death and the funeral, Leslee received considerable attention, including being taken for a special outing to a park.

Now, six months after the funeral, Leslee has shown no significant change in behavior patterns. She talks today about going to "Grandma's house," but she still occasionally mentions past experiences involving her grandfather.

About three months after the death of Grandpa, Leslee and I were looking at the fish in our home aquarium when she asked, "That black fish won't die, will he?"

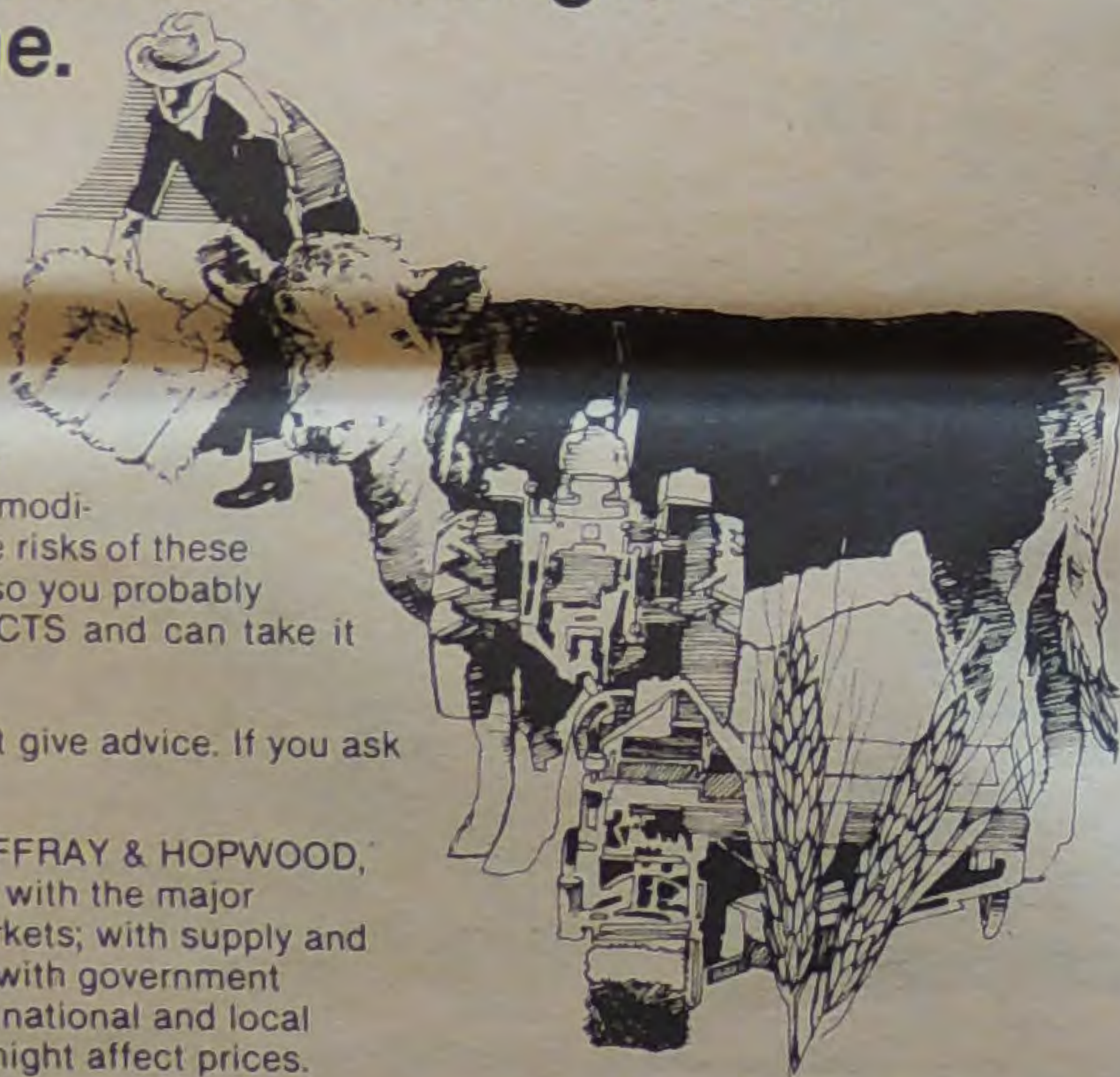
I answered, "Yes, some day." Then I asked her, "What happens when fish die?" "They get flushed down the toilet," she quickly responded.

"And do they ever come back?" I inquired.

She thoughtfully replied, "No, just like we won't get another Grandpa." ■

The author, Lester R. Stadig, lives in Madison, South Dakota.

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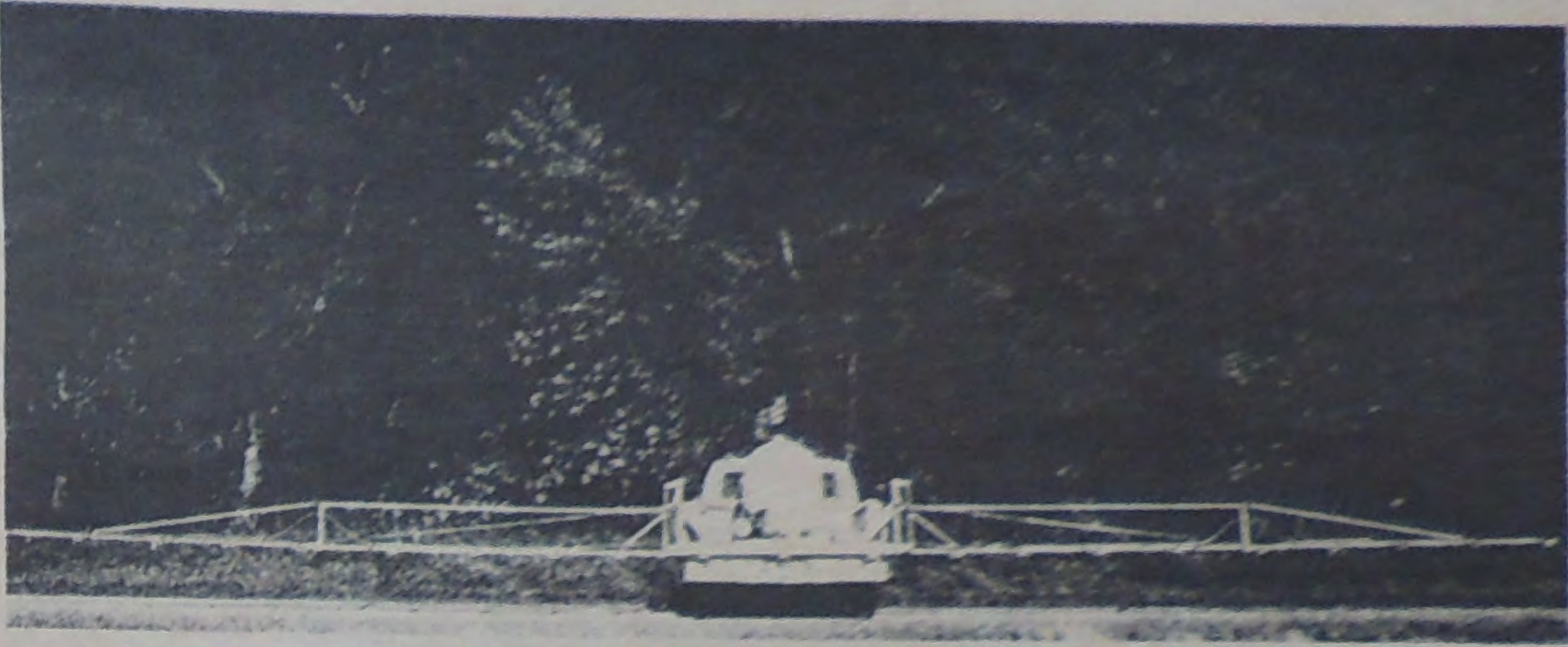
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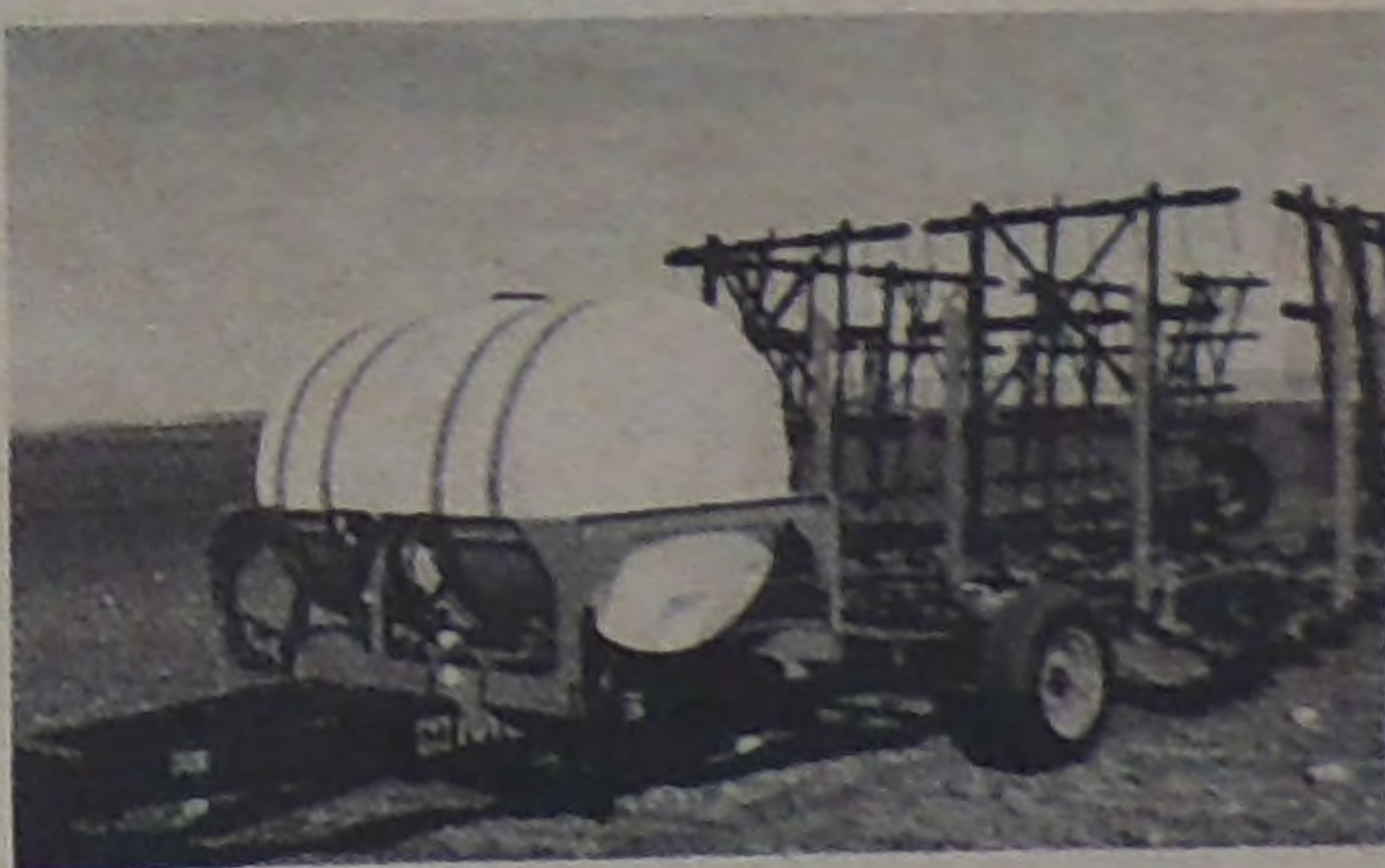
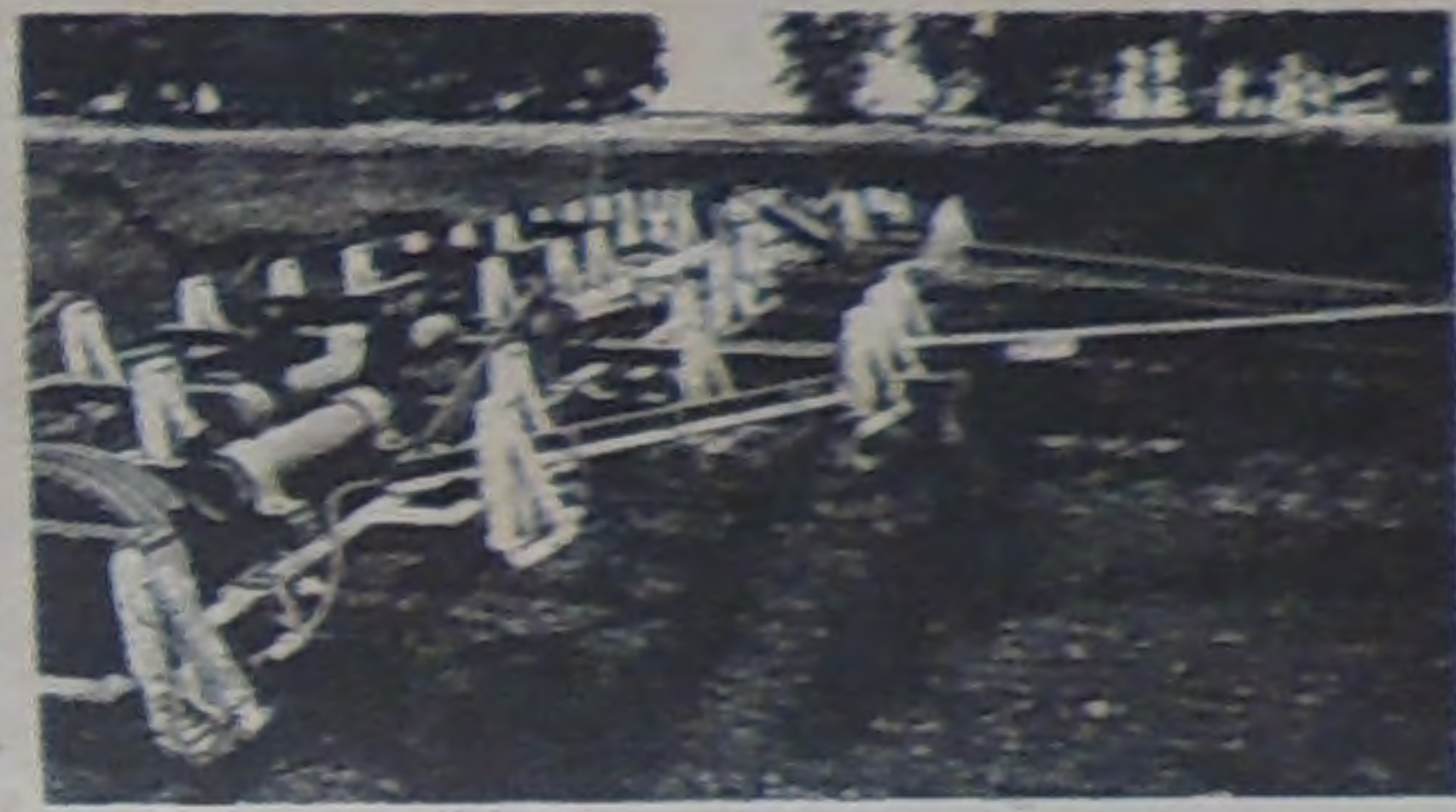
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Backgrounds

The Finns

The first solo "airplane" flight ended in a pile of manure!

The Finnish settlements in Dickey and Brown counties began in the early 1880s. In the summer of 1882, a Finnish pioneer pressed his shovel into the ground, turned over a piece of virgin sod, and dropped a seed potato into the hole.

That was the beginning of agriculture in the Savo community, a group of farms located not too far from present-day Frederick, South Dakota.

At that time the ground was covered by a thick mat of grass. It is estimated the soil contained 14 tons of humus to the acre. The Finns then began their work in earnest after the historic, emotion-packed moment of the breaking of the sod. Teams of oxen pulled walking plows guided by the early farmers—that was the method employed. When the plowing was completed (not an easy task, the breaking of centuries-old sod), another man came to skillfully sow grain—a man who had received his training in the "old country." Afterwards, the field was harrowed.

Like most communities which sprang up on the Dakota prairie, the Finnish towns had their origins connected to the arrival of the railroad. In 1881, when the Chicago, Milwaukee Railroad tracks advanced north of Aberdeen, South Dakota, railroad officials were anxious to have the land promptly settled. K.F. Bergstadius of Minneapolis was in charge of the railroad's office of immigration and settlement. He requested his good friend, Erick Pikkarainen to go to what is now Brown and Dickey counties, inspect the territory, and submit a report.

Pikkarainen gave a glowing account. Subsequently, the two Finns spread the good word to Finns both in Finland and to those who had already emigrated to the U.S. According to the two indomitable promoters, the country around the present town of Frederick, South Dakota was a veritable land of milk and honey, a new Canaan.

THE FIRST Finns who poured into the area settled mostly north and east of Frederick—in the present Savo township. From there, the Finns spread in all directions. The name of Savo was taken after Bergstadius' home in Finland. The name was the only similarity between the original and the new Savo located on a vast sea of waving, billowing grass. But the name no doubt gave a sense of security to the newcomers building a new world for



The Savo band. Top row: Nestor Rauma, John Forsty, John Boss. Middle row: Fred Nixon, Fred Geranen, August Marttila, Jacob Bellikka. First row: Frans F. Martilla, Fred Kotila, Newell Ressiquie, director; Matt Hovila, Sakri Bellikka. (Charles Kesti not in picture.)

themselves on the stretching, strange, silent prairie. It was a practice that many other immigrants, in similar circumstances, followed.

The Finnish pioneers built their sod houses, and in them conducted worship services. But it was not too long until they built churches. Here is how one of the early churches was constructed, the Apostolic Lutheran Church. Matt Hanhela volunteered to relinquish ten acres of his land in exchange for the breaking of 50 acres of his land elsewhere. This offer was readily accepted. Forty men, with oxen or horses hitched to plows, broke up the ground in one day. More cooperative labor and supplies eventually saw the realization of a dream—the first worship service in the new structure on June 7, 1884. The church became the focal point of

Herman Lumatta

Impoverished living conditions in Finland compelled Herman Lumatta and his brother, Peter, to strike out for new lands and new opportunities. They left home when Herman was 13. At the time, Herman wore the first pair of leather shoes he had ever had, which he had made himself. They crossed the border into Russia and then on to Norway, where they worked as fishermen. On one occasion, a big storm overtook them on the ocean, demolishing their boat. They rode the raging waves to shore and clung to rocks until a bigger wave eventually washed them closer to shore—and finally to safety.

A desire to own land caused Herman, his wife and children, and his brother Peter to emigrate to America. They settled in New York Mills, Minnesota—quite a large Finnish settlement—where Herman filed a claim. He worked hard clearing the land of timber. Finally, one day, he struck his ax on a stump. "There must be an easier way to clear land," he said. He told his family he was going to move to Dakota.

He took a train to Jamestown, Dakota Territory in the spring of 1882. But the James River had flooded, and he had to wait in Jamestown several days until he could continue to Frederick by stagecoach. He spent two weeks looking over the land until he found what he wanted, an area which not only had fertile soil but sloughs for hay when there would be droughts.

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The Finns of Dickey and Brown counties also developed the cooperative movement, a heritage of their Scandinavian culture.

Albert West

Albert West (Westola) was raised on a farm in the Savo Township. His father was Solomon Westola who came from Tutola, Finland.

One day, when Albert was still a boy, he heard about man's early attempt to fly. He thought he'd like to be another Wilbur or Orville Wright. So he and three young friends—Sakri Bellika, Oscar and August Boss—decided to make their own flying machine. Then they somehow managed to haul it up to the barn's roof. Albert said to his friends: "Watch! I'm going to land over there in the neighbor's field!"

Hanging on to the "airplane," Albert then jumped off the barn roof.

Fortunately for him (or unfortunately, whichever the case may be), there was a big pile of manure right by the barn:

That was Savo Community's first inglorious attempt at flight!

Frederick Nixon

On a sweltering hot day, Frederick Nixon (Nikunen) was cutting grain. The heat and flies tormented the oxen so badly that the oxen, by a seemingly unanimous decision, suddenly stalked away from the field and into a nearby river. Not by choice, Frederick and the binder were dragged into the water. Fred's brother, John, shocking grain in an adjoining field, had to strip and wade into the river with a whip in order to get the oxen back to the shore.

Jacob Kotila

Jacob Kotila was born in Vaasan Laani, Finland in 1844. He came to America in 1872, settling in Ohio. He filed a homestead in Dakota Territory in 1882.

Kotila built a small house on his claim, which four families shared together until each family could build its own home.

At that time (in the 1880s) a railroad was being built from Aberdeen to Frederick, and Kotila assisted in its construction. At the first Savo Township meeting on April 24, 1884, Kotila was elected supervisor.



Settlers donated a few acres to build churches.

not only religious needs, but also became the social, cultural and educational center as well. It was not uncommon for people to travel great distances in order to go to church. Some came on foot. Others came by horse and wagon. Some made two-wheeled carts and hitched oxen to them.

OTHER COMMUNITY needs were soon provided. A school was started in 1884, but regular classes did not begin until 1885.

Even a temperance organization was founded. Apparently alcoholism was a problem. In 1887, Charles Jurva was in the area selling Bibles and lecturing, and he assisted in the formation of the first temperance society in the Savo farm community. The society had 12 charter members—nine men and three women. Its name was Savotar, and it was affiliated with the Finnish National Temperance Brotherhood. The meetings were held in the homes of members on a rotation basis. But when John Lingren made plans to build a spacious, new home, members of the temperance society volunteered to construct the house if the organization could conduct its meetings there. Lingren agreed. In addition to the meetings, social evenings and programs were held. The two first plays presented were "A Brother's Toast" and "The Engagement."

Many people felt the need for a library. People started to donate money to get one organized. Soon, \$300 were raised. The library started functioning in 1892 or 1893; records are somewhat unclear as to which year it was. But it is noteworthy that a functioning library was in operation within 10 to 12 years from the community's

Erick Rauma

Erick Rauma came to Frederick, South Dakota Territory in 1886, acquiring three claim rights to 80 acres in Savo Township. He bought two oxen on credit. Then he plowed some heavy turf on some low ground from which he built a sod house, which later was plastered both inside and out. It was cool in the summer and warm in the winter.

Rauma bought more land on credit, agreeing to pay \$150 for 80 acres. He also bought another ox on credit. It was slow work breaking up the dry, hard prairie with oxen. The crops were exceptionally poor. For about seven years there was little precipitation—and his grain yields rarely exceeded the amount he seeded.

In order to keep his creditors happy, Rauma succeeded in earning extra money since he was a proficient carpenter and blacksmith. He did a lot of work sharpening plowshares and building cabinets.

He also made large boilers, which were packed with hay or straw and used to heat houses by placing the hay-filled boiler upside down over the stove.

One of the creditors was especially persistent. Finally, Mrs. Rauma told her husband: "Erick, you might as well settle. You will never be any richer." And so settle he did.

But through hard work and good rains, the Raumas prospered. They had an excellent crop in 1915. They owned more than a thousand acres. That year they raised more than 20,000 bushels of wheat—in addition to other grains.



The Savo co-op creamery—one of the economic headquarters of a pioneer settlement.

John Jacob Korpua

John Korpua was born in Kuusamo, Finland in 1849. He emigrated to Calumet, Michigan in 1874. The woman whom he later married, Kaisa Nikkila, was born in Simo, Finland in 1852. She came to Calumet about the same time as John. They were married in Calumet in 1875. John worked in a copper mine there for eight years without missing a day's work.

They came to Dakota Territory in 1883, homesteading in Lowell Township of the James River Valley.

Life during the early years in Dakota was a constant struggle. But they did not go hungry as there were plenty of waterfowl and fish in the nearby lakes and ponds. Together with his neighbors, he bought a team of oxen. The oxen were slow and patient beasts, although sometimes they struck and ran into the lake. There was nothing to do but wait until they decided to come out to graze!

As the Korpua's increased their holdings, they bought a threshing machine run by horse power. More prosperity followed, and Korpua invested in a steam thrasher. But they suffered a bad loss when the separator burned right during the midst of the busy season.

They had more bad luck when their team of young horses was stolen from the barn. Later, the horses were found in Iowa. However, the horses' feet were so damaged by the long drive that they could not be brought back home. But Korpua did receive some compensation.

Korpua had good crops for many years. He gradually increased his farming operation. During the period of his widest expansion, he farmed a thousand acres. John Korpua was good-natured and full of fun. He liked to talk about the old days in Michigan and his wrestling matches with Irishmen there. Korpua invariably won those matches because he was a powerful man.

He lived a long life, dying in 1930. His wife, Kaisa, died in 1943. They had 13 children.

inception. That indicates the intellectual character of those early settlers. Four men who were leaders in getting the library started were Matt Kakela, Alex

Hukari Alexon, K.A. Hukari, and John Forsty.

In 1897, a community band was begun.

And then, in 1898, the Finns started a community hall, a social center which was part of the central fabric of the old culture and society in their native Finland. Actual construction of the Savo Hall started in June 1899. Jacob Erkkila was foreman at a salary of \$2 per day. Alex Kriksman's wage was \$1.50 per day and Sam Samuelson's \$1. The other 31 charter members of the organization supplied volunteer labor. When Midsummer Day (June 24) arrived, the building was still not completed, of course. But a crowd gathered anyway. The band played, and the performers looked handsome in their blue uniforms with gold braid.

Such were some of the times of the early Finnish pioneers who developed parts of Brown and Dickey counties. The lives of those pioneers were not all filled with drudging work—although there was plenty of that too. But there were also parties, music, laughter, picnics, and athletic events (especially baseball, during the summers). The mixture of fun with the work helped them survive. □

Material for this article was taken from History of the Finnish Settlement: In Brown and Dickey Counties of South and North Dakota. The book is available at the libraries in Ellendale, North Dakota and Frederick, South Dakota. It was published by the Savo Finnish Historical Society.



People

My First Day of Retirement

By Adolph Schock

One clear summer morning I drove hurriedly to teach my classes in psychology. It was 7:09 a.m. when a traffic officer halted me for failing to stop at a red light. I believed I had stopped briefly to shift my VW into low gear, but he recorded my speed as 8 to 10 miles. Under the special circumstances that morning I believed my hurried speed was justified, but my appeal to his courtesy not to issue a traffic citation to a college professor was of no avail. He said: "You tell that to the judge."

That particular day marked a special event in my professional career. It was not only the end of the semester, but the culmination of my teaching career at mandatory retirement at age 70. To celebrate the event, the psychology classes had made provisions for coffee and donuts instead of the regular final examinations! (They were an exceptionally intelligent group of students.)

I might have paid the traffic fine of \$7 but I preferred to go to court myself to plead my innocence. In my experience of driving more than 50 years, I had never violated a traffic law and had never received a citation for any irregularity. This was quite in harmony with my entire school record of never missing a day in school as a student or teacher.

I appeared before Judge Dempsey in the traffic court to state my case. I admitted that I was in high spirits on that morning, but I believed I had stopped to shift my VW into low gear as I made a right turn against the red light. The judge chuckled, replying: "I never heard anyone being in high spirits that early in the morning." There was a visible humor in the court room. I stated my case as clearly as possible. It marked not only the end of the semester, I answered, but also closed my career as a college professor on mandatory retirement at age 70. To make it a social event in place of the final examination, the classes had prepared refreshments of coffee and donuts.

The judge lowered his glasses on his nose so I could see his clear eyes. "Do you want me to excuse you for that reason?"

The court audience was in absolute silence. I gazed to the floor. I hesitated. I couldn't quite face his penetrating eyes.

"Have you anything else to say?" he asked.

"Yes, your honor. Today is my birthday - age 70."

The judge had to silence the laughter in the court room. His mallet came down with an unusual blow and in a clear forceful voice, he said: "Case suspended."

But my troubles weren't over.

Preparing for a contemplated auto trip the next day, I rolled out our 12-year-old coupe in the driveway for simonizing. Just then, a recent art major college graduate stopped to sell cemetery lots. I told him I was just starting my retirement and would not be interested at this time, but he could leave his name and I would call him when I was ready.

He replied: "But, you will need them. I have already secured mine."

The longer I listened to his words, the faster I worked in simonizing the car.

That night I didn't sleep well. To relieve my anxiety about the purchase of cemetery lots, and eventual death, I made two exploratory trips—one to a nearby cemetery and the other to a prominent church nearby.

Without the knowledge of my wife, I drove cautiously to the cemetery, which adjoins the golf course. It was midday. I said I would play a game of golf since the car was simonized. Because of our advancing age, perhaps we should have some information about cemetery lots, I thought. But I hesitated to enter the office for information as I approached the cemetery. Seeing a man with a grave digger not too far distant from the utility house, I walked out to watch him while he worked. He stopped the machine.

I said: "I thought a grave was dug by hand, but you use a machine."

He replied: "It would take too long to dig it with a shovel—things must be done fast these days."

I learned from him that funerals were very expensive. To my astonishment I discovered that the casket alone was more expensive than our first Model T Ford! Then I acquired a few facts about the cost of a funeral!

I got into my car—and left the cemetery ground in high gear to the nearby golf links!

A secondary exploratory trip took me to a church nearby with an imposing structure. I stated my anxiety to the minister about death and wondered if he could give me any



"Quiet in the court!" roared the judge.

help. I listened to his long recital about his church program, how it was organized with many paid workers without which it would fall apart. I learned that his own salary was equal to that of a U.S. senator. He could not relieve my anxiety about death except in saying that man is born to die. He would not inquire about my profession. So I walked out the same door through which I had entered.

When I returned home, my wife asked me how I enjoyed the golf. I said it was fine but my drives and putting were not too good that day.

Thus ended my first day of retirement! □

Adolph Schock was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Christ Schock. He was born in Jewell District near Ashley, North Dakota and went to high school in Ashley. He taught at the Baptist Seminary at the University of Chicago and at the University of San Jose. He is now retired and lives in San Jose, California.

PRAIRIES invites readers to submit articles describing either a humorous, tragic or other noteworthy event in their lives. Please send your article to PRAIRIES, Box 178, Ashley, N.D. 58413.

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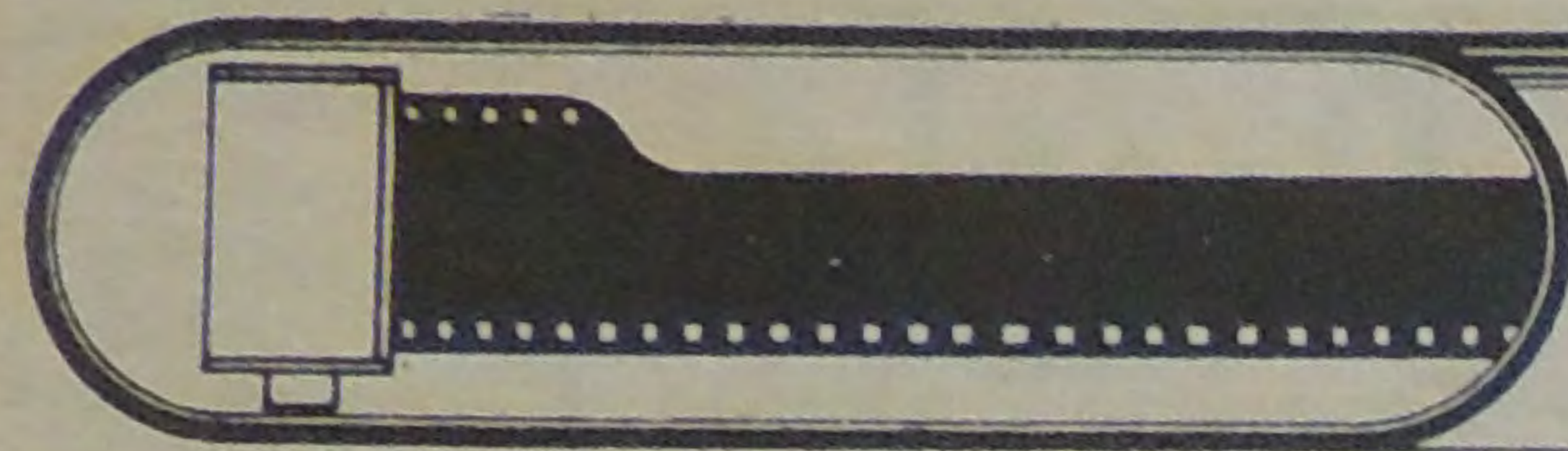
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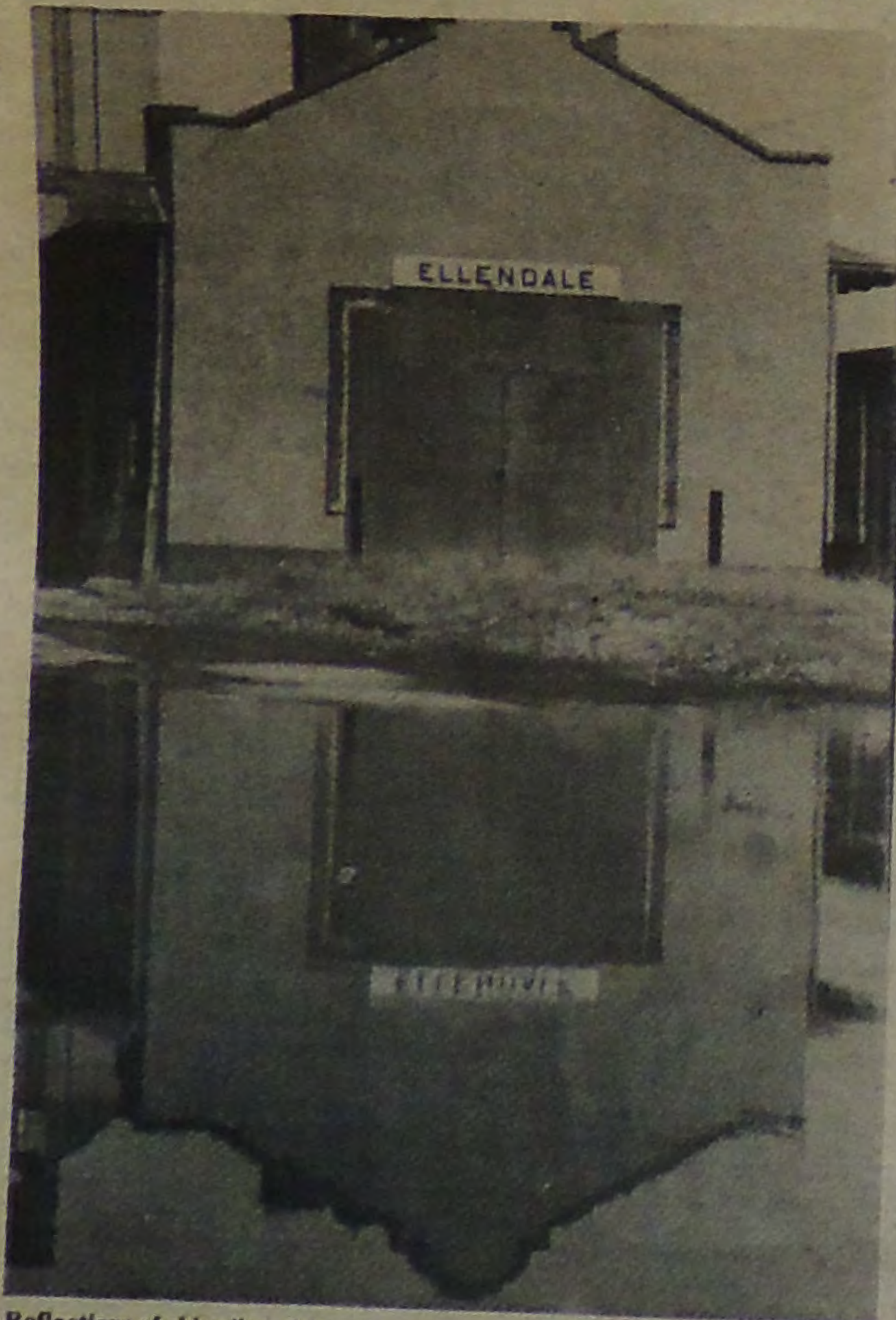
A Photo Journey

When you walk down the sidewalks of Ellendale, North Dakota, you are immediately struck by the interesting older-type architecture of some of the houses and public buildings.

A new bustle of construction is occurring too . . . because Ellendale is a good-lookin' town. The folks there aim to keep it that way.



A young man, a young woman enjoying a spring-time stroll in the city park.



Reflections of old railroad depot.



Whether it's cold or warm, men continue work on multiple-housing unit.



Street lights, bustling activity of vehicles and pedestrians at the hub of Ellendale's main street.



Recess is the best part of the school day—especially on a sunny day.



Joey Jerkey remarked: "My mother said, 'Let's walk in the puddles!'"—and so we did." Joey and her mother, Delores, enjoyed the stroll home from the store.



Mark Hahn has fun carting around on his three-wheeler.



Bells, church, and courthouse's dome.



Taking time out from an intense game of bingo at the Senior Citizen Center.

Publisher's Remarks

This issue of PRAIRIES was delayed due to the illness and death of my father-in-law, John Osnes. He was such an extraordinary man that I would like to tell you a little about him.

First and foremost, he was a Christian. It is rare to find a man so absorbed in his faith, but that was John. He lived it totally: loving God and loving man.

He had two other qualities. He was a talker (like a certain daughter of his whom I know quite well). And he was a laugher. If John were in a bus, restaurant or other public place, he invariably began conversations with strangers. He liked people. It didn't matter if they would probably never see each other again. The stranger, after all, was a child of God, a very precious creation. To his own family, neighbors and acquaintances, John Osnes exemplified goodness, honesty, helpfulness, and steadfastness.

His laughter was the infectious kind. It was a merry, healthy rumble emanating deep from within. It made him a pleasant person to be around.

There were other qualities I admired. For instance, his love of nature and respect for the land. During milking-time, he would sing "Blessed Assurance" and other hymn-favorites to the cows on his Iowa farm. The woods behind his house was



a refuge for squirrels, birds and wild flowers. "Don't mow the wild flowers," he often admonished his sons and grandsons.

That summarized his being: don't be destructive. Instead, respect the land, respect people and build them up.

Thanks, Grandpa John, for your example. We'll carry on!

Warren Overlie

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Letters

HIS FATHER WAS A SHERIFF

I happen to be fortunate enough when we were in Bismarck at my niece's place to read PRAIRIES, and was very intrigued by it. Therefore, I'm mailing a check for a subscription—for two years.

I am the youngest son of the late George Biederstedt, whose name is no stranger to many of the older pioneers of McIntosh County and Ashley, North Dakota.

I enjoyed very much of what I read in PRAIRIES. It brought back many memories of my boyhood. Although I was not raised in McIntosh County, there were many trips to Ashley to visit the Emanuel Schocks, the Jacob Wesznars, and more acquaintances of my folks. My father was elected sheriff of McIntosh County. I'm not sure if it was 1902 or 1904. Then they moved to Dickey County in North Dakota, where I was born and raised. We have lived in Washington now for 30 years.

John E. Biederstedt
2218 N.E. 9th Place
Renton, Washington 98055

MOVING IN A BOXCAR

We get PRAIRIES. It brings back many years. My father and mother were both born in Russia. Their families moved to America and landed in McIntosh County in North Dakota. When my parents were married, they left the farm and moved to Ashley. My father went to work at the Spitzer Store. My father was a charter member of the Evangelical Church.

Our home was a block and a half from school. The teacher told my mother to let me come to her school. That was in 1903. I learned what electricity was, that it was an invisible agent known only by its power of production. I was five years old.

In 1907 we moved to Texas along with 34 other families. Our cows, horses, and all

our furniture was moved in a boxcar. We landed in Halliday, Texas on Nov. 7, 1907. We moved to Bowman, Texas and later to Wichita Falls, Texas.

In about 1918 I went back to North Dakota, the old home place. I got a job teaching school for \$84 per month.

Mr. and Mrs. John Maier
1205 Kemp
Wichita Falls, Texas 76309

GERMAN-RUSSIAN ORIGINS

My daughter enjoyed the article about the German-Russians in the last issue (PRAIRIES, Winter 1979). It gave a real good summary of their lives and movements.

Theodore F. Straub
10854 Fairway Court West
Sun City, Arizona 85351

HUTTERITES

I thoroughly enjoyed the Winter 1979 issue of PRAIRIES. It was great to read about our friends at the Hutterite colonies.

Karen Retzlaff
Aneta, North Dakota 58212

WANTS NAMES OF RELATIVES

Yes, I want you to enroll my name in PRAIRIES. I was introduced to this fine publication by one of your subscribers in Mobridge, South Dakota (a friend of mine). Yes, I am also one of the old-timers. I was born in Russia and came to this country with my parents at age four. I grew up in Bowdle, South Dakota and later moved to Akaska, South Dakota. I have many relatives living around Kulm and

Bismarck, North Dakota.

If, by any chance, you have some people on your register getting PRAIRIES by the name of Siewert, which is my maiden name, I would appreciate hearing from them. My father had two brothers living in the Kulm and Bismarck area.

Maria Siewert Jurries
413 South 16th
Herrin, Illinois 62948

NATIVE FROM WISHEK

I am a native North Dakotan from Wishek. I left there at age 24, and have lived at Fairfield, California for more than 35 years. But I still remember life there very vividly.

Someone loaned me copies of PRAIRIES, and I enjoyed them very much. Please send me a subscription.

Amanda Klein Hearet
1201 Essex Drive
Fairfield, California 94533

OLD COUNTRY CHURCHES

I especially like the articles about the old country churches which used to be filled to capacity every Sunday during the early years of the pioneers. Most of them are abandoned now and some have been kept up as pioneer landmarks.

The old Apostolic Lutheran Church built near Frederick in 1884 was restored in 1972.

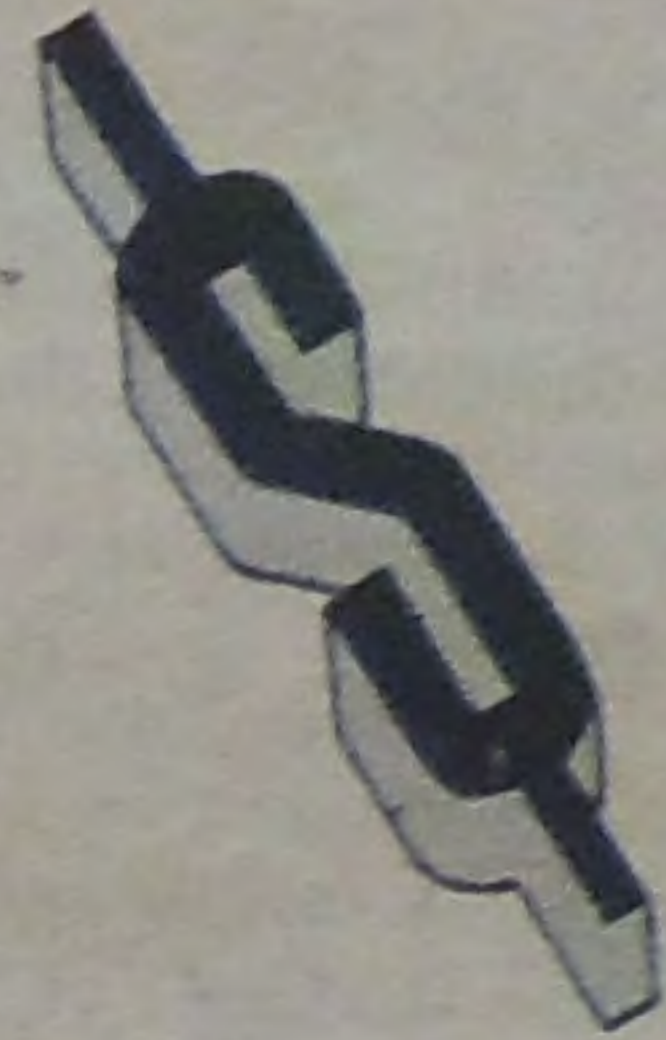
Mrs. Albert Wanttie
Frederick, South Dakota

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Views from the country

By Elda Erbele
Lehr, North Dakota

Greetings from the Bar U Bar Ranch!

For the past 25 years, I've considered friend spouse my boss. But now all of a sudden Warren and Barbara Overlie fill those shoes. Can't believe it's happening, least of all, to little old me. It all took place in this sequence:

Ma Bell jingled. Spouse answers phone. It's for Mom. Mom answers phone, mumbling to her moustache, "Why does someone always call before Rev. McCoy (Jamestown radio pastor) is done singing his final song?" I'm a Rev. McCoy devotee of long standing. Little do people realize how many trios I sing with "The Real McCoy" and his dear wife, Lillian, right here at the ranch.

Ah-er-hmm. Hello? Who is it? This is Warren Overlie. Would you please accept such-and-such responsibility of writing this column like, say, four times a year?

What? Who? Me? Accept an additional responsibility?

By that time I stumbled toward a chair to hold up my wobbly knees that were, at that point, still underneath myself! Decisions, decisions! Do I say yes or no? Warren hadn't hung up on me yet. He was still waiting for an answer. Something told me he wanted an affirmative answer. Nothing negative. So I reluctantly agreed to give it a try. The very thought of refusing the immense job of becoming the sole Lehr correspondent for the newspapers just two months ago still was prevalent in my mind. Now this! But having been my spouse's unpaid secretary for lo-these-many-years, my new boss assured me there would be compensation looming around the corner for these additional pen-pushing jobs . . .

DEADLINES? YES, MORE deadlines! What with refunding on labels and box-tops, there's already more deadlines for me to meet than the editor of *The New York Times* ever had to contend with! As a housewife, I feel guilt-ridden because I peel down more labels than vegetables!

Entering contests too has taken its toll on my hectic schedule—some of which paid off fairly well while others didn't. But having won several national contests is just enough to NOT give up on them now: \$75 prize for a poetic jingle, \$15 for a SINGLE recipe submitted, a woman's gold wristwatch. To think that some folks get bored staying at home! Instead I get board (paddled) if meal-time arrives and I can't magically produce sizeable sums of edible grub before going on to my next writing duties . . .

PEOPLE EVERYWHERE are playing radio bingo to prevent winter-time household doldrums. But this too blows out along with the March winds . . .

SINCE THE CENTENNIAL year (1976), hand-quilting had made a comeback. Thus many housewives are frantically quilting and doing other needlework. But the needles will again lay silently cold when baby chicks begin to peep and gardens' vines prepare to creep . . .

THIS INDEED IS cat country. When their population gets out of hand, we are compelled to eradicate some. That solves nothing. All their family and friends by the dozens come to the funeral and find the cat food so irresistible, they simply unpack their suitcases and take up residence . . .

WE'VE RECENTLY EXPERIENCED well problems here at the ranch. Now, everyone knows well problems can cause any farmer as much anxiety as a baby lying sick with the palsy . . .

THE TOPIC OF THE following could easily be "These Boots Were Made For Walking." For one reason or another, cowboy boots on a woman just never looked feminine to me. And so it was that I nearly reached the half-way mark (50) until purchasing my first pair of genuine-leather ladies' cowboy boots.

Turns out they're so-o-o comfortable. They're worn to many a function but I again feel they just don't look feminine enough. My concept was that you don't wear cowboy boots unless you show cattle or ride horseback. Some people even asked me, "Are they truly a ladies' boot?" Indeed they are. Once when worn to the supermarket, a little girl kept tapping her mommie on the arm. The mother was busy shopping and therefore ignored her small



daughter. But the little tike had something to say. And say it she must! All of a sudden, she stooped to my knees and said: "Mama, there's a cowboy-cowgirl!"

The bewildered mother's expression told me that she had wished that somehow the floor had come up and swallowed her before her little girl had finished her sentence. But I assured the mother that the little girl's statement was my chuckle for the day. We all went away laughing, by no means as straight-faced as we had been before her comments . . .

IT'S THAT TIME of year again when all the farmers are down with that well-known disease called spring fever. Yes, that's what the medical doctors diagnosed it as. Or is it just an itch? A pent-up seven-month itch to return to the soil? But beware! My birthday falls on April 26, and ever since I was a little girl, folks all around talked of going on the field in late winter or early spring. Invariably, if they did go out and scratch around on top of the soil before that date, they'd hit some inconspicuous soft spot and—wham-o! There they were, bogged down in a quagmire of mud and mess. We've helped pull the neighbors out where it took two tractors to do so. The moral of the story: easy does it . . .

AFTER SPRING'S WORK begins, one must almost reserve speaking engagements with family and spouse. They usually come to the bunk house only when hungry, or need water and sleep. Meals are often staggered. Late evening meals are commonplace on a ranch.

It's during such times that I make good use of my salad-master cookware that Paul Harvey so lustily describes on his radio program . . .

SPRING HAS SPRUNG, so take heart. Soon the last the last traces of dirty snow will run into the fields, culverts and ditches. Mother Nature will again spew forth her lovely carpet of green all about us. While the past winters have been truly wild, this winter has been really mild! . . .

THERE'S much more to say, but as always, am running out of time. So as our young grandson says, "Bye. C.U." Hope to visit with you folks at the Dawson centennial on June 21 and 22, the Jud jubilee on June 26 and 27, the Streeter jubilee on June 26-28 and Forbes jubilee on July 4 and 5. I plan to sell at some of these towns' flea markets. Do stop by at my booth and let me know if you read this column—and contribute some story material at the same time. □

The Arts



By Greg Anderson

"When I saw a drawing by Canadian artist, William Kurelek, on a similar theme of a boy wading in a spring pond of newly melted snow, I was reminded of the times when I was a boy. To wade in a pool along a ditch during spring-time was a delightful adventure—except when Great Aunt Rhoda discovered the escapades, and reported them to my dad. "You'll catch pneumonia!" she hissed. I didn't. But I did get an over-supply of drenching-wet socks and shoes when the water flowed into my boots . . . every spring-time, when I was a boy."

—Greg Anderson
Bismarck, North Dakota



What's Cooking?

Old-Time Recipes

"These are some of the recipes that were brought to America when the Germans from Russia came here," said Katherine Meidinger of Zeeland, North Dakota. "When the call came for recipes, we decided a few of these would be fun for the younger homemakers to try. You'll never believe how hard it is to write down a recipe for something you have made for nearly 50 years without a written recipe. We just learned to make them from our mothers, who learned to make them from their mothers and so on down the line. This is true of the Potato Pie and Kraut Brushka. Each mother knew how many potatoes to peel for her brood and as the children left home, she just peeled fewer potatoes and used a smaller pan. So the readers will have to make their adjustments to fit their families after following the 'recipe' the first time. In the case of the Kraut Brushka, this is also true. Bread dough was a fairly regular occurrence in the home and my mother learned to make many things with it to vary the diets. Another favorite was the Stretched Kuechla made from the bread dough. I would imagine the modern frozen bread dough would work; but never will it have the taste and texture of the 'made from scratch' kind."

It seemed the more often you made the bread dough and things from it, the better you got at it—so if the recipes don't please you the first time you make them, try again. That's the secret our mothers had. You either became a good cook or you had skinny kids and a fat dog!"

STRETCHED KUECHLA

Make balls of bread dough which is ready for shaping into loaves. These balls should be the size of an orange. Let them rest while you heat shortening for deep frying to 375 degrees.

Now you take one ball and flatten it and gradually stretch it thinner and thinner until it is the size of a plate. Drop it into the hot shortening and fry until light brown; flip it over and fry the other side. Remove from the fat and drain on paper. These are bubbly, light and crisp and good. Some like to sprinkle them with sugar but they are also good just as they come from the pan.

KRAUT BRUSHKA

Heat together:

- 1 quart sauerkraut, drained
- 2 cups ham (cubed)
- 1 small onion
- ¼ tsp. pepper

Reserve bread dough for the brushka when shaping loaves for baking. Roll out dough about ¼-inch thick. Cut rounds with a plastic margarine container (about 5-in. in diameter). Place a large tablespoon of the kraut mixture on half the round, fold over the remaining dough and pinch shut. Prick tops and place on a greased cookie sheet. Let rise about 10 minutes and bake in a 375 degree oven for 15 minutes or until light brown. Serve hot.

GERMAN HONEY COOKIES

- 1 cup honey
- 1 cup sugar
- Heat the above together to dissolve the sugar. Cool.
- Add to the cooled mixture:
- 3 or 4 eggs (beaten)
- 4 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking soda dissolved in 1 tbsp. hot water
- 1 tsp. Star Anise (ground)
- Mix all together and allow dough to stand in a cool place overnight.
- Roll out to about 3/8-inch thick and cut with a small donut cutter. Bake at 350 degrees until light brown.
- While warm frost with a glaze made

from 2 cups of powdered sugar and 4 tbsp. hot water. Dip top of cookie in this and allow to drain on waxed paper.

These cookies contain no shortening and are super light and stay soft if put in a plastic pail and covered when the glaze is dry.

"We grind our own wheat for the cracked wheat."

CRACKED WHEAT BREAD

- 2 cups cracked wheat
- 2 cups boiling water
- ½ cup brown sugar
- ½ cup honey
- 1 stick margarine or ½ cup butter
- 1 tbsp. salt
- 2 pkgs. active dry yeast or 1 cake of soft yeast (I prefer the soft)
- 1 cup warm water
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 5 to 5½ cups white flour

Put cracked wheat into a large bowl and add the boiling water. Add the honey, brown sugar and margarine. Cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile, add the yeast and 1 tsp. sugar to the 1 cup warm water. Add this to the wheat mixture. Add the flour and salt and beat all together. Knead the mixture until it forms a nice ball (8 to 10 minutes). Place dough in a greased bowl and cover. Let rise in a warm place until double in bulk. Punch down and let rise again. Then shape into loaves (3), or buns or dinner rolls. Let rise until light and bake at 375 degrees about 30 minutes for loaves and less for rolls and buns (until done).

POTATO PIE

Make a crust from:

- 1 cup lard
- 3 cups flour
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp. vinegar
- 5 tbsp. cold water

Mix shortening, flour and salt until crumbly. Put egg in a measuring cup, add the vinegar and water and beat together. Add to the flour mixture and mix with a fork. Divide into two balls. Roll one ball out to fit a large cake pan. Be sure to bring the edge of the dough up the sides to the top of the pan.

Cube 6 cups potatoes (about ½-in.)
Cube 3 cups uncooked round steak
Chopped onion to taste (I use a medium-sized onion)
Dot with:
1 tbsp. shortening
1½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. black pepper
Put this into the dough-lined pan. Roll out the remaining dough and cover the pie. Pinch the edges. Prick the top and bake at 375 degrees for about an hour and a half. Cut into 4-inch squares and serve piping hot.

These recipes are submitted by Mrs. Julius Werre of Lehr, North Dakota.

KNEPHA DOUGH

Combine:

- 3 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. salt

Add:

- 1 slice bread, with crust removed
- 2 eggs

Enough warm water to make a medium soft dough.

Let dough rest at least one hour. The bread worked into the dough makes the knepha extra tender.

Cube about four medium potatoes, put in large kettle with enough water to fill kettle half full. Add 1 tsp. salt. When potatoes start to boil, start dropping dough—cut

into small pieces—into this mixture. You can either use scissors or knife; cut about size of an almond. When all the dough has been used, cook 3 or 4 minutes more. Drain. Brown some bread crumbs in butter and pour over knepha. Excellent served with sauerkraut or can be used in soup, omitting the buttered crumbs.

PLACHINDA OR PUMPKIN SLIPPERS

Beat 3 eggs and add:

- 1 cup sugar
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 cups cream
- 4 cups flour

Sift flour with 3 tsp. baking powder. Add enough dough to make a very soft dough. Let dough rest several hours if possible. Divide dough into small pieces about size of an egg. Roll into squares, put pumpkin mixture into center and bring up sides and ends to make a rectangle. Prick with fork. Sprinkle with sugar and bake at 425 degrees for 10 to 15 minutes.

PUMPKIN MIXTURE

4 cups smooth cooked pumpkin

- 1½ cups sugar
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- ½ tsp. lemon extract

Mix thoroughly. If watery, add 2 tbsp. flour.

Here are some other interesting recipes which were sent to PRAIRIES:

HAMBURGER STROGANOFF

(By Nadine Harr of Eureka, South Dakota)

- 1-lb. hamburger
- 2 tbsp. flour
- Onion
- 1 can mushroom soup
- Salt and pepper
- 1 cup sour cream

Brown hamburger. Add salt, pepper, onion, soup and flour. Simmer 10 minutes. Stir in cream. Serve over noodles.

WILD RICE CASSEROLE

(By Eunice Mettler of Eureka, South Dakota)

- 1½ cups wild rice
- 2 lbs. hamburger
- 1 large green pepper
- 1 can of mushroom soup
- 1 can of celery soup
- Salt and pepper to taste

Cook rice in about ½-quart of water until rice is soft. Add more water if needed. Brown hamburger. Add chopped onion and green pepper. Mix rice and hamburger together. Add the two cans of soup (and 1 can of whole mushrooms, optional), and salt and pepper to taste. Bake for 1 hour at 325 degrees.

ZUCCHINI CORN CASSEROLE

(By Dianna Cooper of Eureka, South Dakota)

- 3-lbs. squash, sliced and parboiled
- 4 eggs, slightly beaten
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 1 cup shredded cheddar cheese
- 1 1-lb. can cream style corn
- 1 onion, chopped

- 2 tbsp. butter, melted
- Dash of pepper
- Paprika

Combine squash, corn and eggs. Saute onion and green pepper in butter until golden. Add to other vegetables. Add

SWEET AND SOUR PORK

(By Bernice Oster of Eureka, South Dakota)

- 1½-lbs. lean pork or pork roast (cubed)
- Salt and pepper and coat with flour. Brown and drain.

Mix together:

- 2 medium cans pineapple cubes
- 2 tbsp. chopped onion
- 1 green pepper, diced
- 1 can cream of chicken soup
- 2 tbsp. catsup
- 3 tbsp. sugar
- 2 tbsp. vinegar

Pour sauce over meat and bake in 350 degree oven for about an hour. Serve on a bed of rice.

PORK CHOPS AND APPLE STUFFING

(By Nadine Harr of Eureka, South Dakota)

- 4 chops
- ¼ cup onion
- ¾ tsp. salt
- 2 tbsp. sugar
- 1¼ cups celery
- 1½ cups apple
- 1 qt. bread crumbs
- Butter

Brown chops. Set aside. Saute onion, celery and apples in pan the chops were browned in, adding butter if needed. Add salt and sugar. Stir well, add bread crumbs and mix together. Place in baking dish with chops on top. Bake 1 hour at 350 degrees.

Salads & Desserts

OLD-FASHIONED COLE SLAW

(By Adeline D. Quatier of Lehr, North Dakota)

Combine:

- 16-oz. pkg. lemon jello
- 1 tsp. salt
- 2 cups boiling water

Add:

- ½ cup mayonnaise
- ½ cup sour cream
- 2 tbsp. prepared mustard
- 3 tbsp. vinegar
- 2 tsp. sugar
- 1 tbsp. grated onion
- 1 tbsp. parsley
- 2 tbsp. pimento
- 6 cups shredded cabbage

Combine all ingredients and pour into a 9x13 pan. Chill until firm.

Combine:

- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange jello
- 1 cup boiling water
- ¾ cup cold water
- 1½ cups grated carrots

Pour this on top of cabbage mixture. Chill until firm. Cut into squares, place on lettuce leaf and garnish with egg slices and olives. Put a dot of mayonnaise on each square and place egg slice and olive slice on top of this.

PEACHES AND CREAM

(Submitted by Margaret Raile of Wishek, North Dakota)

- 3 cups vanilla wafer crumbs
- 1 stick melted margarine
- Pat two cups of this mixture into 9x13

Baked apples are always a favorite. Here's a handy recipe.

pan. Set aside 1 cup for topping.

Melt and cool:

- 1 lb. marshmallows
- 1 tbsp. orange juice
- 1 tbsp. lemon juice

Add:

- 2 cups cream (whipped)
- 3 cups diced peaches, well drained
- Place on crust and top with crumbs.

EASY CHOCOLATE CHERRY BARS

(By Eunice Mettler)
Eureka, South Dakota)

- 1 pkg. fudge cake mix
- 1 tsp. vanilla extract
- 1 21-oz. can cherry pie mix
- 2 eggs

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Using solid shortening or margarine, grease and flour a 10x15-inch jelly roll pan. In a large bowl, combine first four ingredients by hand. Stir until well mixed. Pour into prepared pan. Bake 20 to 30 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean.

FROSTING

- 1 cup sugar
- ¼ cup butter or oleo
- ¼ cup milk
- ½ cup chocolate chips

Bring sugar, butter and milk to boil. Remove and add chocolate chips. Beat until smooth, then frost bars.

PARTY MINTS

(By Eunice Mettler)
Eureka, South Dakota)

- 1 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese (Philadelphia)
- 2½ lbs. powdered sugar
- Food coloring and flavoring (orange, coconut, lemon, cherry, mint, or whatever you desire)

Mix a little sugar, flavoring and color into the cheese. Then keep adding sugar until you have a soft dough, which is easy to roll. Make small balls the size of marbles and put in sugar. Press in mold; remove on wax paper. Cover with wax paper and let dry. Yield about 200 to 250, depending on size of mold.

BAKED APPLE

"Secret is instant pudding"
(By Eunice Mettler)
Eureka, South Dakota)

Select and core or cut in half, good quality baking apples. Place in deep baking pan. Add to each apple, 1 to 2 tbsp. brown or granulated sugar and ½ tsp. butter. Pour at least 1 to 1½ cups sweet cream around the apples. Bake in moderate oven at 250 degrees about 45 minutes or until tender. About 15 minutes before you are ready to serve, mix 1 box instant butterscotch pudding with ½ cup of milk and add to apples and bake until it is a nice thick sauce. Then they are ready to serve.

LINTON SALAD

(Submitted by Mrs. Eugene Lehr of
Linton, North Dakota)

Combine:

- 1 6-oz. pkg. orange jello
- 2 cups hot water
- 1 small can frozen orange juice (thawed) and partly congeal.

Add 1 can mandarin oranges, pour into 9x13 pan and chill.

Beat:

- 1 pkg. instant lemon pudding
- 1¼ cup milk
- Pour over jello. Chill.

Prepare 1 pkg. dream whip according to directions. Pour over other mixture. Sprinkle with chopped nuts.

RASPBERRY DESSERT

(By Mrs. Elmer (Mavis) Widmer of
Fredonia, North Dakota)

- 1½ cups graham cracker crumbs
- ¼ cup sugar
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- ½ cup butter, melted
- ¼ cup flour
- 1 pkg. unflavored gelatin
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1¼ cups milk
- 3 egg whites
- ¼ tsp. cream of tartar
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 tsp. vanilla

½ cup heavy cream, whipped
Mix together crumbs, sugar, cinnamon and butter. Press into a 9-inch square pan. Bake at 375 degrees for 4 minutes. Cool. Combine the ½ cup sugar, flour, gelatin and salt in a 2-quart saucepan. Slowly stir in milk and bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Boil 1 minute and cook thoroughly. Beat egg whites with cream of tartar until stiff. Gradually beat in ½ cup sugar and add vanilla. Fold egg whites and whipped cream into cooled mixture. Turn into crust. Chill well. Cut in squares, top with raspberry sauce and serve.

Raspberry Sauce:

Drain 2 pkgs. of frozen raspberries, thawed. Add water to juice to make 1½ cups. Combine with ¼ cup sugar, 2 tbsp. cornstarch and 1 tsp. lemon juice. Cook, stirring, until mixture boils 1 minute. Add raspberries and cool. Note: Frozen strawberries may also be used.

FRUIT BREAD

(By Mrs. Wilbert (Lois) Schlabsz)
(Kulm, North Dakota)

- ½ cup butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 3 bananas (crushed)
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tsp. soda
- ¼ cup nuts
- ¼ cup chocolate chips
- ¼ cup maraschino cherries, diced
- Mix in order given. Pour into greased loaf pan. Bake for 1 hour at 350 degrees.

SPRING SALAD

(By Mrs. Wilbert (Lois) Schlabsz)
(Kulm, North Dakota)

- 1 3-oz. pkg. orange jello
- 1 3-oz. pkg. lemon jello
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 6-oz. can frozen orange juice
- 2 11-oz. cans mandarin oranges, drained
- 1 No. 2 can crushed pineapple, undrained
- Dissolve jello in boiling water. Add undiluted orange juice. Add other ingredients. Use 9x13 pan. When firmly set, frost with the following:
- 1 pkg. Dream Whip
- 1 box lemon instant pudding
- 1 cup milk
- Beat at high speed until very thick.

BANANA SPLIT DESSERT

(By Mrs. Elmer (Mavis) Widmer
Fredonia, North Dakota)

- 1 cup chocolate chips
- ½ cup butter
- Add 2 cups powdered sugar and 1 tall can evaporated milk.
- Cook until thick and smooth, stirring about 10 minutes. Remove from heat and add 1 tsp. vanilla, and cool.
- Make a crust using 30 crushed graham crackers, ½ cup butter and ½ cup sugar. Pat into 11x15-inch pan, reserving 1 cup for topping.

Slice 3 bananas over crust. Slice ½-gallon neopolitan ice cream into ½-inch slices and place over bananas. Sprinkle 1 cup chopped walnuts over ice cream. Pour cooled topping over ice cream and freeze until firm.

Whip 1 pint whipping cream or Rich Whip and spread whipped cream over chocolate topping. Sprinkle with remaining crumbs and nuts and keep frozen until serving time. Serves about 25.

APPLE FRITTERS

(By Lillian Gebhardt)
(Eureka, South Dakota)

- 2 eggs
- ¾ cup milk
- 6 tbsp. sugar
- 3 tsp. baking powder
- ½ tsp. soda
- 1 apple, sliced real fine
- 2 cups flour
- Put 1 qt. of lard in a pan and heat it real hot. Drop in the apple fritter batter by tablespoons and fry. They turn by themselves.

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Issues

The Family Farm—

**What are its
chances for
survival
during the 80s?**

The future of the family farm, as it is known today, will face severe tests during the 1980s, predict many economists and sociologists. Yet the family farm is the lifeblood of the Dakotas—an important stabilizer for American democracy itself. Secretary of Agriculture Bob Bergland discusses some of the issues confronting farmers today in a speech delivered this spring at an agriculture conference in Washington, D.C.

By Bob Bergland

One year ago tomorrow I went to the national convention of a major farm organization and said:

"I am here to open what I hope will become a full-scale national dialogue on the future of American agriculture... I am here to ask you to begin thinking and thinking hard about what kind of agriculture you believe would be in the best interests of farmers and the nation."

That marked the launching of what has become known as the "Structure of Agriculture" project, and I've come here today to give you a first anniversary report on its progress.

I want to tell you what the project is, why I called for it, and where it is at this point.

But before I do that, I think I ought to say a few words about what the project isn't.

- It is not a calculated effort to wrap statistical data around a particular point of view in order to advance that point of view.

- It is not a ploy, as some have charged, to woo the political support of small farmers... to pit small farmers against big farmers... to break up big farms... or to put constraints on farm expansion or acquisition.

- It is not a paper exercise. It is not just another scholarly, but largely irrelevant,

study destined to collect dust in the archives.

As to the first, my charge to those carrying out the project is a matter of public record. I said: "I am telling all participants to let the factual chips fall where they may, regardless of how those facts might contradict their own—or my own—prejudices."

As to the second suspicion, I can only say this. I don't believe that breaking up big farms is the way to save smaller family farms. I see no justification for that. In the first place, 'big' is a relative term when it comes to farm size. What is a big farm of one type in one location may be a small farm of one type in another. In the second place, all but two percent of our farms are 'family farms,' regardless of how big they are, and in many instances their size determines their success. I happen to believe that the broadest possible competitive mix of farms—and that includes large as well as small—is in the best interests of everyone from farmer to town dweller to consumer.

Finally, the structure project is not a paper exercise that will be of only passing interest to some scholar browsing the library stacks years from now.

All right, so much for what the structure project isn't.

What is it?

It is the most ambitious, far-ranging and intensive effort ever made to determine how American agriculture is organized, who controls it, and where it is heading.

We have set out to:

1. Define and clarify fundamental problems in agriculture.

2. Assemble, correlate and interpret all of the facts bearing on these issues.

3. Initiate new research or adjust ongoing research to explore all aspects of the structure of agriculture, its present trends, and its future course.

4. Work with the agricultural community and the consumer public to encourage the greatest possible participation in the national dialogue on what kind of agriculture we want—and will need—in the decades to come.

To accomplish this we are using the combined resources of the USDA, universities, private researchers, farm organizations, state and local governments, church and other group interests in rural issues, and the entire public spectrum.

Our goal is two-fold:

The first is to encourage everyone involved to set aside tired slogans and long-held positions and to think hard, think fresh and think big. The opportunity is simply too great to let old prejudices hobble the chances for success.

The second is to amass the most comprehensive and reliable base of data ever compiled for developing not only a new farm bill in 1981 but for making whatever adjustments in tax laws, credit programs and government regulations are deemed necessary to make a positive impact on the structure of agriculture in terms of enhancing fairness, opportunity and competition.

What we need most is a way to measure how all public policies and programs impact simultaneously. How do they augment one another? How do they offset one another?

A purposeful farm policy

I have become convinced that until we get this information we'll continue to apply patchwork remedies—never getting to the source of the problems, never finding a comprehensive solution that avoids unwanted and unintended consequences.

That brings me to the reasons why I called for a structure project and a national dialogue on the future of agriculture and rural America.

My experience as a farmer, as a Congressman, and as a Cabinet member have persuaded me that while we now have in place the foundation for a national

food policy, we do not yet have a clear and purposeful farm policy.

What policy we have is shaped by events and circumstances, not by vision and deliberation. Programs that are the product of reactive policy tend to be themselves reactive or narrowly focused on transient or—even worse—expedient.

I've used this example to explain what I mean. There are some 144 different farm commodities. At any one time, perhaps 20 of them are in trouble. When the trouble occurs, pressure builds up on Congress to apply a "patch"—higher support prices, emergency allocations for fuel, subsidies for energy to power irrigation, or some other quick fix.

In other words, we do not have farm policy goals that are consistently and explicitly expressed. The means and the ends become blurred. Price supports and target prices and the reduction of surplus stocks, for example, become the only focus of policy.

Over the years, neither the Congress nor the administrations in power have been entirely to blame. The incredible pace of change in agriculture since the end of World War II often has meant that policymakers simply haven't had the time or the insight to do much more than react.

They responded to immediate crises and tried to provide some measure of stability. But short of time and minus in-depth and up-to-date information, they made policy that may well have had results they neither planned, expected nor wanted.

Most of the income benefits from traditional commodity programs, for example, now go to the largest producers.

The tax laws now on the books have favored larger operations and encouraged outside investment in agriculture.

And it is altogether possible that our credit programs may have created what I call "economic cannibalism" by giving aggressive, low-risk farmer-borrowers the means to buy out their less advantaged neighbors.

Now I know you've heard these statistics before, but let's just run through them quickly.

In the last 40 years, half the farms in America disappeared... but those remaining doubled in size. Today only 200,000 of the two million or more remaining farms produce nearly two-thirds of the food and fiber we use or sell abroad.

At the same time that this has taken place, the agricultural marketing system has become increasingly geared to large-scale producers. So have the businesses





What's going to happen when it costs too much to ship lettuce from California to New York?

350 people spoke informally during the open microphone sessions that concluded each day's schedule, 250 submitted written comments and recommendations, and 2,500 others mailed their comments directly to USDA. Seventy percent of all the speakers and a majority of the correspondents were farmers.

Areas of concern

When the meetings were announced, participants were asked to think about—and to comment on—12 broad areas of concern: land ownership, control and tenancy; barriers to entering and leaving farming; production efficiency; size of farms and the role of technology; government programs; tax and credit policies; the farm input-supply system; the farm product-marketing system; present and future energy supplies; environmental concerns, including conservation and use of soil and water; returns to farmers; costs to consumers, and the quality of life in rural areas.

Before the public meetings were held, the USDA published a 305-page explanation and discussion of these concerns from the perspective of the USDA's experts. This book, called "Structure Issues of American Agriculture," was distributed to those scheduled to testify at the public meetings and to other interested people.

Each panelist presented a prepared statement and later was questioned by me or by an assistant secretary of agriculture, or in some instances, by state commissioners of agriculture and/or the member of Congress from that particular area.

I tried to ask questions that didn't necessarily reflect my own feelings but would generate a lively discussion. Questions like these:

- If we raise price supports to help beginners make a living, doesn't that just increase the ability of older farmers to outbid them for new land?

- How much of the risks of farming should the government share or absorb? Should we provide the same buffers for the 40-acre cotton grower and the 25,000 acre operation?

- Is there a sound way to tilt farm programs so they benefit most those who most need those benefits?

- Should price-support programs take into account regional or individual variations in production costs? If so, how?

- Some say the federal investment tax credits have worked against family farm operators by underwriting outside investors who erect factory-type production facilities? Should the investment tax credit provision be changed to discourage this?

- Is the trend toward larger, fewer, more highly-mechanized and specialized—but supposedly more vulnerable—farms inherently unsound?

- What do you think is the proper federal role, if any, on the matter of regulating who can sell what farmland to whom and for what purpose, when "property rights" is a state matter? Should the federal government take over this responsibility from the states?

- How do we persuade people to take better care of their soil whenever they're tempted to cash in on rising grain and soybean prices by plowing fence row to fence row, including marginal land?

- If we adjust inheritance taxes to allow easier passing-on of farms from parents to children, aren't we creating a landed gentry?

- How can we improve access to markets for smaller producers? Why would a wholesale grocer in your city pay more for tomatoes trucked in from another state than he would have to pay to buy them locally? What's going to happen when it costs too much, or the fuel isn't available, to ship lettuce from California to New York?

The meeting record that includes the formal presentations, the written submissions and the responses to questions like these now exceeds more than 10,000 pages of verbatim transcripts. These transcripts are being reviewed by the permanent staff of economists and program and policy officials in the department to identify complaints that should be investigated and those critical areas where precise information is still

lacking or where perceived trends have been questioned.

Summaries of each of the hearing transcripts have been prepared and will be published before the final public hearing is held in Washington. At that time national farm organizations and elements of the food and agriculture system not fully represented, if at all, at the earlier meetings will have their say.

Well, what have I heard thus far at the public meetings? I've heard frank, blunt, but for the most part sincere and thoughtful comments.

A thin-skinned Secretary of Agriculture wouldn't have been very comfortable at these meetings, I can assure you. But I'm not thin-skinned, and I found they were the best of all places to hear the concerns of rural America in the year 1979.

Higher prices

Did we find any measure of consensus? Well, a good many called for higher prices for their products. That was expected. But they differed on how to get them. And that was expected, too.

For the most part, the comments revealed clear evidence of the continuing clash between two venerable American ethics—the democratic ethic and the enterprise ethic. The democratic ethic, of course, is based on the belief that control of resources and political decisions should be as broadly based as possible. The enterprise ethic holds that there should be no limits on the amount of property men and women can fairly earn through their work.

The challenge for the policymakers regarding structure is to bridge the gap between these two ethics with insight and understanding. Can it be done?

Well, one man who believes it can be done is Dr. Don Paarlberg, professor emeritus at Purdue University, and the director of economics for the USDA when Earl Butz was Secretary of Agriculture. Dr. Paarlberg testified at the final public meeting in Lafayette, Indiana, and I'd like to summarize what he said.

Acknowledging the trend toward larger but fewer farms, he said, and I quote:

"Some people look upon these trends as bad, while others consider them to be good. Some people, including myself, consider them to be a mixture of good and bad. Some people think these trends are inevitable and therefore not responsive to public policy initiatives. The prevailing view of the general public seems to be that these trends, on balance, are bad, that they constitute a threat to the family farm, and that they can be influenced by public policy decision. The major factor responsible for these trends is the industrialization of agriculture. But publicly supported programs have speeded them up..."

"Present public supported agricultural programs are tilted toward servicing—and thereby encouraging—the super large farm units. To redress this imbalance, which I recommend, would not mean what is sometimes alleged—going back to small, inefficient farms. It would simply mean removal of the large farm bias in these programs that presently exists."—end of quote.

I'd like to close now by quoting from testimony given at the first public meeting, in Vermont, by the very first witness, a dairy farmer from Freeport, Maine, who said:

"I have been farming on my own for the last 24½ years. That coincides almost exactly with the era in which the cries 'Bigger is better' and 'Get big or get out' have been heard across the farmlands of America. Farmers have gotten out in droves, some believing what they've been told, some trying to get bigger and failing to find salvation that way... More than a century of increased efficiency and a quarter-century of increasing farm size in quest of efficiency have gotten us tractors on the Capitol mall.

"Inevitably, the next two decades will see massive amounts of our agricultural land change hands, so if we wish to steer the structure of American agriculture in any given direction, now is very nearly our last chance..."

"(And) as we consider the structure of agriculture, remember that we are dealing with the shape of our democracy." We are, indeed. ■

that sell fertilizers, seed and other input supplies to farmers.

And soaring land prices have erected entry barriers that frustrate more and more young people who want to go into farming.

Now some say that the technological advances in agriculture over this period of time made these changes in agricultural structure inevitable even without an assist from public policy. Moreover, they look at the resulting productivity gains, the benefits to the national economy, to consumers and to many farmers and conclude that the changes were good.

Are big farms future dinosaurs?

But others view the structural shifts from another perspective. They see a negative impact on the social and economic health of rural communities, on soil and water, on economic competition and freedom of opportunity. What is more, they wonder how large-scale farming will fare under the impact of soaring prices and short supplies of fuel and fertilizer, of falling water tables in dryland areas, of skyrocketing interest rates and tightened credit on big farm operators, many of whom carry heavy debt loads.

These, then, were among the considerations that prompted me to call for the structure project. And there were others.

For all the successes of the 1977 Food and Agriculture Act—and it truly marked a major step toward a national food policy—it has shortcomings. Like its predecessors, it, too, fails to acknowledge the wide diversity among American farms, so it does not address the full range of farm needs and problems.

In part, this is why we have paradoxes like these:

Net farm income has risen substantially in the last two years, but so has farm debt. The value of farm assets stands at record levels, but farmers' need for ready cash has never been greater.

Farm product exports continue to break records every year, helping to reduce a chronic trade imbalance and holding down inflation. But snarls in the transportation network moving these products across and out of the country have become more frequent and more serious. Moreover, many in farming are beginning to worry about the capacity of our soil and water resources to meet the productivity demand made by export expansion without sustaining serious loss or damage.

These and other factors considered, I concluded that the agricultural economy had reached the point where a serious and

comprehensive assessment of the forces shaping it and the direction it would likely take in the future was now in order.

I reasoned that by starting early in 1979, working through 1980 and into 1981 we could, indeed, comprise a remarkable data base upon which to make reliable policy recommendations.

Today I can tell you that the structure project is on track and on time. Every item on the action agenda is either firmly scheduled, under way, or completed.

I can also tell you that no conclusions can be drawn as yet—nor will any be announced until every component of the project is completed, analyzed and evaluated.

The research agenda is under way. Work has begun on papers and projects to be completed within the department and at various universities. Categories include: cross-commodity issues; individual commodity issues; international food and domestic commodity issues; resource and development issues; food distribution and nutrition issues; and tax provisions relating to farm structure issues.

A review of USDA agency programs is being carried out to determine program impacts on the structure of agriculture. This review will take into account public comment as it makes use of analytic processes and agency experience to develop alternative program strategies.

Teams combining agency and departmental analysts will deal with such major structural topics as credit, conservation, commodities, marketing and rural development. They will review department programs in each area to identify those which appear to have the most impact on the structure of agriculture, or the most serious consequences. They will then propose remedial options.

By its very nature, most of this work has been—or is being—done with minimal public attention. In contrast, however, the national public dialogue part of the structure project has not only attracted widespread public participation but considerable media attention.

The dialogue was launched at 10 regional public meetings that I conducted late last fall in Vermont, North Carolina, Alabama, Iowa, Missouri, Texas, Colorado, Washington, California and Indiana.

More than a thousand men and women asked to speak on the formal panels that took up much of each meeting. Of these, 210 were selected as representative of the broadest range of interests within the particular region. In addition, more than

MILESTONES

Elected president. Marvin Huber of Wishek was elected president of the South Central Prairie Multi-District Special Education Board. The board is in charge of all special education services for McIntosh, Logan, and Kidder counties.

Writes second book. Betty Malz, a former resident of Ellendale, has written a new book, "Prayers That Are Answered." Her first book, "My Glimpse of Eternity," sold more than one-half million copies, and is now available in seven languages, including braille. She is under contract to write two more books. She and her husband, Carl, now live in Sisseton.

New fuel. Mike Herman of Kulm will use sunflower oil to power his farm vehicles. He is experimenting using "sun" oil without diesel fuel as a dilutant. After completing considerable research on the viscosity properties of sunflower oil, Herman has bought an in-line heater for his tractor to warm the oil. His intentions are to use the fuel when he begins planting later this spring.

Bank has new head. First National Bank of Ellendale named Harley Jundt its new president. Jerry Mangin announced his resignation from that post to accept a position with the Production Credit Association office in LaMoure. The bank is owned by Frank Larson. Mangin will assist the Ellendale bank staff until April 30. The new president has been with the bank since October 1971, and its vice president since January 1973.

Farm Accident. George Brandner of Herreid was recently injured when he was pinned underneath a tractor which had overturned while he was driving it. Donald Weisbeck, also of Herreid, was the first to discover the accident. Brandner was rushed to the Eureka hospital by Herreid's ambulance, and from there transferred to Aberdeen and then later to the University of Minnesota hospital in Minneapolis.

Losing weight. Two women from Edgeley—Violet Doss and Ross Mitzel—were honored for their weight-loss program they have followed for five and seven years, respectively. They are members of KOPS (Keep Off Pounds Sensibly).

On TV. Mariam Geske of Verona appeared on Prairie Public Television April 5. She played the piano.

Postscripts

A column by Barbara Joan Overlie



The words that we say—and our thoughts—determine our attitudes and our actions. If we are feeling sick and dwell on our sickness instead of our potential "wellness," we defeat ourselves. We become our own worst enemy.

Here are some insights from the Bible on this subject:

- "Let the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart be acceptable unto you, Oh Lord my God and my Redeemer . . ."
- "By His stripes are we healed."

We need to dwell more on these words—and absorb these messages into our very being.

Most of us have faced serious illness or the death of a loved one—and have even felt the fear of losing life ourselves. Panic and worry strangle us unless we remember where to turn.

How triumphant the words of Jesus are in John 16:13: "In me you may have peace. In the world you have tribulation. But be of good cheer! I have overcome the world!"

A few years ago I had a bout with sickness and bleeding. I was scared. I thought I would lose too much blood, faint, and become too weak to hang onto life. Fear held me in an unrelenting grip. It was only through God's help and promise of peace that I felt a calm lessen my anxiety. I was reminded of the bleeding which Jesus did because of cruel men, His fear—but then of His triumph. Just relaxing with that message brought me a new peace—and gave my body a greater opportunity to start the healing process.

When the apostle Paul asked for a complete healing, he said God's answer to him was: "My grace is all you need, for my POWER is strongest when you are weak."

Paul went on to say that because of such a promise he was proud of his own weakness because he experienced the protection of Christ's power over him. Paul concluded: "I am content with weakness and hardships . . . for Jesus' sake. For when I am weak, then I am strong."

We do not fully understand what it means to rejoice and be content in sickness. I haven't met anyone yet who enjoys being ill. Our hearts drop when people attack with harsh words, giving us mental anguish.

But the Easter message of victory applies for all situations, for all ages—because "the power at work in us is the same as the mighty strength which He used when He raised Christ from death, and seated Him at His right side in the heavenly world." (Ephesians 1:19)

Did you know that you have easy access to such a power? □

A long look . . . at you, of course, in Vicky Vaughn's draped 'n shaped party dazzler! Shirred wraplook top radiates gathers in front, flaunts a dramatic drape in back. Merges at the elasticized waist to a toe-touching swirl of softness. In poly interlock, machine wash-dry. Blue, Peach or Aqua. 5-15.

vicky vaughn



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